Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

PRICE 3d.

PUBLISHED IN EVERY STATE

the Australian Women's Weekly

February 28, 1942

Over 500,000 Copies Sold Every Week...

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4720885

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

THOSE little bits which you read to friends from letters from husbands, sons or sweethearts in the fighting forces will interest and comfort other Australians through this page. The Australian Women's Weekly invites readers to send in copies of the sections of letters which they think may interest others. £1 is paid for each extract published on this page.

Sgt. Keith Horsley, then in Malaya, to his mother, Mrs. A. E. Horsley, Shakespeare St., Coorparoo, Brisbane:

"DID I tell you about the 'little old lady?'

"She's the old, old plane who does a daily reconnaissance of this area. We call her the little old lady because she is always passing by. To say she is scooting by or even flying by would be an overstatement.

"She's just a dear old lady, content to potter round, but the man who pilots her must be as game as they are made.

"For the first time since she started the patrol she was missing to-day. Everyone noticed it. Perhaps she is too infirm for monsoon weather; there's a real 'Sumatra' (gale) blowing on high to-day.

"Yesterday was not so bad, but the little old lady was tossing about like a pea on a tray. If anything has happened to her we will all feel sorry.

"On her tombstone could be written: 'A gallant old lady, too old to run if she wanted to, and too weak to fight if she dared.'

"Maybe I am getting sentimental for nothing. Perhaps she will pass by to-morrow."

Gunner Rollins to his sister-in-law, Mrs. J. Hamilton, Marion Rd., South Plympton, S.A.:

"I HAD my first wash in three weeks this morning.

"I saved a few drops of water every day for three weeks, and this morning when I found I had a pint and a half I said to myself, 'Bill, old boy, the B.O. is a little strong. Best you have a bath.'

"This is what happened. First cleaned the teeth, shaved, sponged all over, washed the head.

"After that washed two shirts and a pair of socks. We must economise, so I used it for the radiator of the truck."

A wireless operator with the R.A.A.F. "somewhere above Darwin" to his sister at Windsor, N.S.W.:

"I'M a Digger now. At least I dig plenty of trenches.

"Lew and I have had a crack at half a dozen now. The first two turned out to be natural wells before they finally caved in.

"The next two died a natural death, but our latest is a masterpiece of modern engineering, fully lined with mats on the floor, concealed entrances, and all modern conveniences, with water laid on—that's our main worry!

"We've a garden in the back yard, or it may be the front. Anyway, there are a couple of melon vines, without melons, straggling across the landscape.

"I reckon I could coax up some hot-house orchids as the heat is laid on, but if I did some dumb-cluck would come and plant a bomb in the middle of it.

"I've a better scheme for making money—that is to take home a team of fireflies. They're beauts, and would be the goods for lighting up Christmas trees."

Sgt. Norman Elliott, medical orderly in an air ambulance unit in the Middle East, to Miss J. M. Hunt, Cliff St., Manly, N.S.W.:

"WE had set out from our drome at 6.30 a.m., and had been up to the front line and brought out one load of severely wounded.

"We were returning for our second load . . . had received the O.K., and set a course for the front line.

"I was seated in the cockpit with the pilot. In the distance I counted eleven aeroplanes. Jokingly, I said to the pilot: 'I hope they're ours.'

"We were at the height of 3000 feet. The next thing we knew they were firing at us. Two of them detached themselves from the formation. Our machine had red crosses on it, so they would know we were unarmed, but they opened all their guns at us.

"After the first burst one of our engines caught fire, so we made for the ground. Our tank then caught fire from an incendiary bullet.

"Meanwhile bullets were whistling uncomfortably close, and I felt three dull thuds in the left leg and one in the right arm.

"Our machine was blazing like Halley's Comet. We decided on a crash landing.

"I opened the escape hatch and waited until we hit the deck. The machine concertinaed; the petrol tank blew up, and the pilot and I were blown out of the aircraft . . .

"I was evacuated by air to base hospital, and when I came to the doctor handed me eight pieces of machine-gun bullets he had taken out of my leg . . ."

Winnie the War Winner

"It's the General's new idea—mechanised cavalry!"

Bdr. R. Bonney in Timor to Miss N. M. O'Shannessy, Lang Rd., Centennial Park, N.S.W.:

"WE had a safe trip over, thanks to the boys in blue—both services.

"As dawn broke the different islands looked a paradise, and as we jumped out of our boats and commenced to wade ashore we were greeted by the chattering and gesticulating of hundreds of natives, who carried our kitbags ashore.

"For this service we willingly parted with an old singlet or handkerchief, which pleased them immensely.

"Since arriving we have had to work pretty hard, but are getting nicely settled now.

"The natives have built us huts out of coconut palm.

"They are great little people, not so dark as our own blacks, very honest, and hold the white man in high respect.

"We feel almost important at times, as they always greet us with a salute to their queer-shaped straw hats and a 'Good morning, sir.'

"Our little spot is very pretty. Plenty of monkeys, and herds of goats around the camp."

Pilot-Officer Roderick Ferry in England to Mrs. Hoffman, Tambellup, W.A.:

"AFTER Officers' Training School we were given the usual week's leave. I dashed up to Scotland, spending two days at Glasgow, caught the east coast train and travelled up through Stirling, where Wallace's Memorial can be seen from the carriage window, and Perth, where the international golf championships are played, to Inverness.

"Scotland has a wild yet warm charm absolutely all its own, and the people are happy, genial, and friendly.

"From Inverness I took the west train to Kyle of Lachalsh, where I crossed over to the Isle of Skye, thence by bus via Pirtrel to Dunvegan Castle, the home of the chief of my maternal ancestors since the 13th century.

"Mrs. MacLeod, of MacLeod, the present chief, gave me a very warm welcome, and insisted that I spend all possible leave at the castle.

"A room was put at my disposal in the same suite as that used by the King and Queen when they were the Duke and Duchess of York, and were the guests of the castle.

"Butler, and all drinks and smokes on tap. A feather bed, fully 2ft. 6in. deep, and hot water bottle, breakfast in bed, eggs, and fruit pies, etc. 'Twas marvellous after barrack fare."

Padre Spencer in the Middle East to his wife in Ascot Vale, Vic.:

"DURING a very heavy shower a Jewish woman with a baby in her arms and another little one clinging to her skirts had taken shelter in a shop doorway.

"Two Diggers celebrating Christmas, in the state that we could call 'just happy,' walked up to the same shop door.

"The shop was an emporium for prams.

"The first Digger, without much ceremony, took the baby from mother and walked into the shop, followed by the lady who was not too sure of the Digger's intentions.

"However, to her embarrassment and not a little consternation, the soldier ordered one of the best prams and a waterproof cover, paid for it, about £4, put the baby into it and walked out of the shop pushing the pram and calling on mother to follow.

"The baby didn't seem to mind a bit, but mother was still doubtful.

"However, down the street they went, and when they crossed the road one Digger went ahead clearing a way through the traffic.

"Safely on the other side they handed pram, baby and all to mother and went on their own way rejoicing.

"Well, the people just stood and gaped, and many went away with broad smiles on their faces. I just thought what a wonderful Christmas gesture, done on the spur of the moment, out of the goodness of a Digger's heart."

How does she keep so Youthfully SLIM

NEVER imagine it to be difficult to keep that girlish figure that once meant so much to you. Thousands of women retain the charm and slenderness of yesterday simply by taking Bile Beans regularly.

Because they "slim while you sleep"—Bile Beans clear the system of fatty residues and gradually reduce your lines to slender proportions.

To keep youthfully attractive is, to-day, a national duty. Bile Beans last thing at night is the modern woman's way of ensuring it.

"When people ask me what I take to keep so slim and fit I just tell them Bile Beans every night. A friend whom I had not met for years said I looked younger than ever."

—Mrs. B. HULME.

By Regularly Taking

BILE BEANS

1/4 and 3/2 a box

Let's talk of INTERESTING PEOPLE

MR. D. NELSON

. . . Capital and labor

APPOINTED head of President Roosevelt's newly-established War Production Board, Mr. Donald Nelson becomes America's production chief. Next to the President, he is the most powerful man in U.S.A., with authority over capital and labor. Says his plans for speeding up arms production are "streamlined to get action."

He gave up a £21,000 a year commercial post for national work.

MISS MARIE PATISON

. . . The tops

SYDNEY University graduate Miss Marie Patison, who recently took her Bachelor of Dental Surgery degree, topped the records in the faculty as a prize-winner.

She obtained First-Class Honors and University Medal; Leslie Carroll Memorial Prize; prizes for general proficiency throughout the course, oral surgery, ceramics, and conduction anaesthesia. Is first to win all six awards. Now working at Sydney Dental Hospital "absorbing."

SIR CHARLES BROOKE

. . . From Sarawak

RAJAH OF SARAWAK (Sir Charles Vyner Brooke), at present living in Sydney, is ruler of the first country outside the Commonwealth to be administered from Australia. By permission of the Federal Government the Sarawak Supreme Council now functions in Sydney. The council is similar to the British Cabinet.

Last year when Sarawak attained its centenary the Rajah relinquished his absolute rule and introduced constitutional government.

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THE Red Rose OF ENGLAND

At odd times, in odd ways, she would receive a flower —the emblem of his love.

By Caroline HARVEY

A FEW miles from Brest, that cold grey town jutting into the Atlantic, where night and day the British Air Force hurls death on Nazi tyrants, lies a quiet valley, where stands the rose-red chateau of St. Gidaux.

Time has but lightly touched this small corner of the world, even though death nightly stalks the land and a foreign army tramps the poplar-lined roads of Brittany.

On August 16, 1940, Marie Lefevre spent her twenty-sixth birthday in making arrangements to house a German platoon. She had received word that morning that German troops were to be quartered in the outbuildings of the chateau.

In her blue gardening smock, with the wind ruffling her hair, she rested on her spade for a moment, as old Pierre led their remaining mare out to grass, so that the stables might be left dry and comfortable, according to official regulations, for the enemy troopers.

"Poor Anna, it's a shame. She's getting old, Pierre, and she'll miss her comfortable loose-box."

Pierre spat with great venom.

"It is an outrage, the swines."

He had spent the whole seventy-odd years of his life at the chateau, and had never been farther south than Quimper, where he had once celebrated a fete day.

Berthe shook her besom at an imaginary foe. She and Pierre had been man and wife for fifty years, and for fifty years they had served the lords of St. Gidaux. They had been with them in the days of plenty, and now they stuck to their posts in the days of leanness. The lord of the manor had been killed with his regiment in 1918, his widow died the following year. The war had swept away the fortunes of the House of Lefevre, and a girl child of three was left to inherit its dwindling glories.

All the other servants were dismissed and only old Berthe and Pierre were left—Berthe as housekeeper and Pierre as odd-job man, until Marie Lefevre left the shelter of her convent school at eighteen and took her place as lady of the manor. Berthe and Pierre served her with the same loyalty as they had served her parents.

Berthe gave the cobbles one last sweep and shut the stable door.

"That will do for the canaille, mademoiselle. It is too good for them. Sweet-smelling hay for a lot of filthy pigs to grovel in!"

"They may not be so bad, Berthe."

Marie kicked off the wooden clogs and slipped on her high-heeled shoes. "You've never met a German in your life and they may be quite civil if we're civil. Anyhow, we've got to put up with them and we shall have to make the best of it."

"I'll do nothing for the Nazi pigs." Berthe's old leather face was even more wrinkled than usual with disgust and disdain.

Marie looked severe, but her dimpling mouth gave her away.

"You'll take your orders from me, Berthe." For all her youth, Marie Lefevre could still be the lady of the chateau when she wanted to. "You and Pierre will do what I say. I will speak to the German officer when the soldiers arrive. But you must avoid friction, Berthe. The Germans have it in their power to make life bearable, or unbearable. God knows I don't welcome them, but they won't be here long. France will rise. Just have patience, Berthe. I hate it, just as you do."

"As you say, mademoiselle!" the old lady said and followed Marie into the kitchen.

Fritz von Talheim arrived punctually at six. He dismissed his men and presented himself at the front door of the chateau. Berthe sullenly admitted him and ushered him into the chintz-covered sitting-room with its french windows opening on to the rose garden.

Marie had dressed herself with care to give her confidence. As she came in from the garden, fastening a deep red rose in the lapel of her coat, he saw him standing by the fireplace. He clicked his heels and bowed from the waist in severe German style.

"Mademoiselle Lefevre?"

She inclined her head.

"Won't you sit down? It is much more comfortable to talk at one's ease." She indicated a high-backed chair.

"Thank you, mademoiselle. I am Captain Fritz von Talheim. I have instructions to billet twenty men in the stables of the chateau."

She listened politely while he spoke of his billeting arrangements. She had expected to see a rather fat, squat young man with hard, china-blue eyes, but Fritz von Talheim was exactly the opposite. He was very tall and slim.

"I understand perfectly, mon capitaine. And yourself?"

"I believe there is accommodation in the chateau, mademoiselle."

"That is correct. There are twenty rooms in this old house, mostly shut up, for there is only Berthe, my old servant, and myself to do all the work. If you will come this way, mon capitaine, I will show you your room. Berthe will bring you your meals——"

He rose and followed her into the hall.

"That is not necessary, mademoiselle. My servant will wait upon me. I do not wish to add to your overburdened household."

"Thank you, mon capitaine." She was grateful for his thoughtfulness. "Berthe and Pierre are very old. This way, monsieur."

She threw open the door of his bedroom.

"I hope you will be comfortable, mon capitaine."

He bowed. "I hope you will not be inconvenienced. My men are disciplined and should not cause you or your servants trouble. If there are complaints, I shall always be ready to listen."

"Thank you, mon capitaine. Good night."

She closed the door gently behind her.

In the long sitting-room Berthe had awaited her. Her wrinkled old face had a do-or-die expression.

"Do I wait on the pig, mademoiselle?"

"No, my Berthe. His servant will look after him. He will even make his bed."

The old lady reverently raised her eyes to heaven. "The less I see of these Germans the better I'll be pleased," and she stamped out of the room.

It was only then that Marie Lefevre realised that von Talheim had spoken French throughout the interview.

What linguists these Germans are, she thought, following Berthe to the kitchen.

. . . . . .

The months passed slowly by and life at St. Gidaux went quietly on.

Please turn to page 26

"She knows nothing—nothing—" the wounded man told von Talheim.

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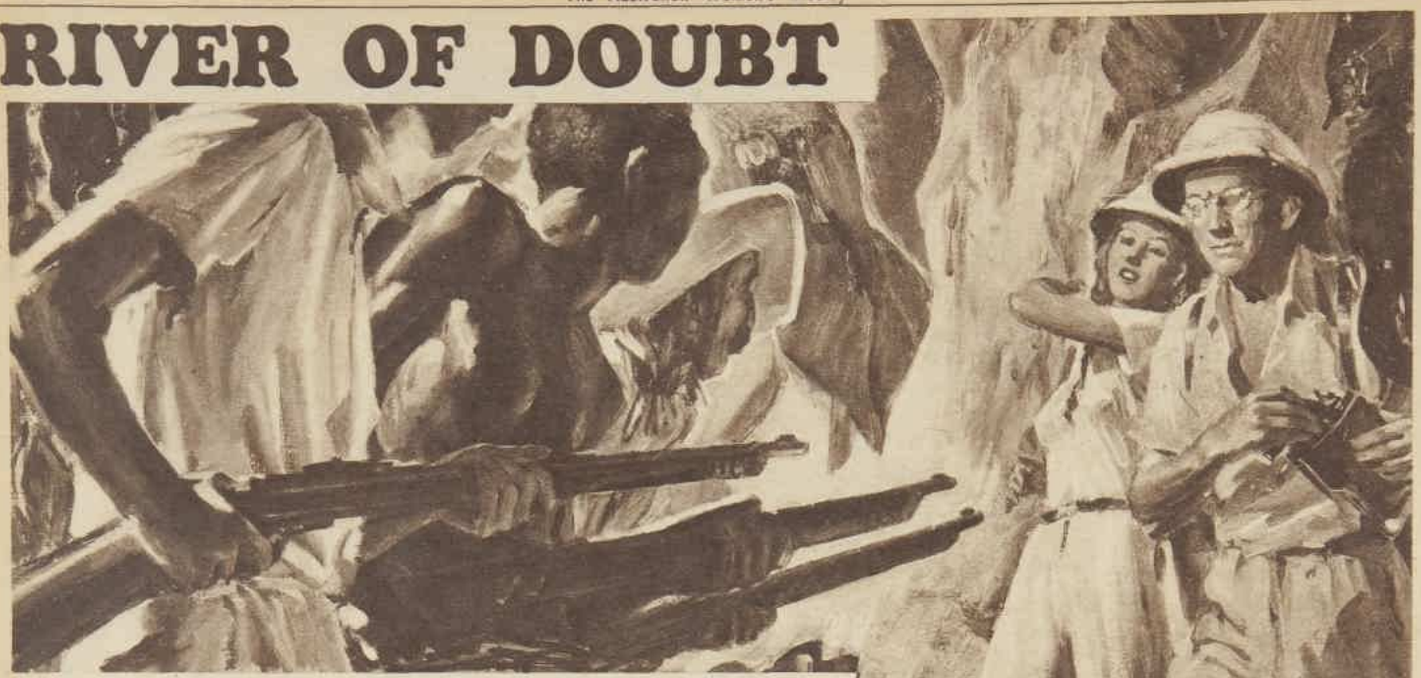
RIVER OF DOUBT



IRENE AMES, beautiful young secretary to "SCOTTY" DOUGAL on his manganese mine in Brazil, engages

MARK CROSBY, ex-detective sergeant and former friend of Dougal, to come and investigate the sabotaging of the mine. Learning that Dougal has been shot by an unknown assailant, Mark leaves for Brazil by plane with Irene, but is arrested on a trumped-up charge and only released thanks to

STEFAN BRUENZLI, South American lawyer, whom he has met on the trip. Eventually, travelling by boat, Mark and Irene reach the point of the River of Doubt where

O'REILLY, Dougal's negro steamboat captain, should have met them, only to find that the dock had been blown up. They land in a squall and stagger to the shelter of a little hut.

NOW READ ON.

"What do you want?" Mark demanded, as the three negroes barred his path.

Continuing our thrilling serial

By

Leslie T. White

IRENE said: "Stand still a moment!" He heard her moving about in the darkness, then saw the tremulous flame of her cigarette lighter. She held it cupped in her hands, dug briefly in one corner and brought out a small tin box containing candles. Two of these permeated the room with a mellow glow.

"Be it ever so humble . . ." she quoted, smiling ruefully.

Mark said, "It's dry, anyhow!" and looked around. The hut was without windows. Yet the mud-filled reed walls, the roof of palm fronds, even the hard-packed earth floor seemed endowed with grace and comfort.

There was wood by the stove, so he started a good fire. Irene hugged herself and watched him. With the blaze going, he rose to his feet and met her eyes. She gave him a timid smile.

"We're a couple of reckless fools, Mark!"

Mark grimaced. "I'll say this for Brazil—things do happen in a hurry." His smile faded. "I say, you're cold! Haven't you a change of clothing in that bag?"

She shook her head. "Only some underthings and my hammock. I've plenty of clothes at the mine." She bent over the fire and shook her hair down. The drops fell with a sibilant hiss on the hot stove.

Mark untied his duffel bag and pulled out a shirt and a pair of khaki pants. "Well, you can't stand around in those wet things," he said. "Climb into these until your own things are dry."

She laughed. "You're wonderful! But what about yourself? A cold down here in the tropics is dangerous, and very hard to shake."

"Don't worry about me," he snorted. "Now I'll go outside while you're changing."

She was already unbuttoning her blouse. "Oh, don't be a Victorian prude!" she scolded. "Just mind your own business for a couple of seconds." As he turned to rearrange the contents of his bag, he heard her giggle.

"It's a good thing I have no designs on you, Mark," she laughed. "I certainly do look like a red-headed stepchild."

He turned. She looked incredibly tiny in his clothes. The pants were wrapped nearly double around her slim waist and turned up to a monstrous roll at the ankles. Her throat and neck were white and delicate against the rough texture of the shirt. The uneasy light of the candles gilded her hair and each flicker chased golden highlights across it.

She lifted her arms and combed it loose, casting her head to one side. Her eyes had grown soft and full of confidence. She encountered his unwavering stare, and the color deepened in her cheeks. He became suddenly self-conscious.

"Lord!" he said, with a short laugh. "You look like a kid."

He turned his back to the fire and held his hands out behind him. He tried not to think of the burned wharf and what it might mean. But when a shrill almost-human scream split the steady drumming of rain and the rumble of the falls his heart began to pound.

"What was that!"

Her face was pale. She laughed unsteadily. "A spider monkey!" she said.

She took out her hammock and he helped her string it across one corner of the cabin. She lay down in it, letting her arms trail over the sides. "Please, Mark," she said softly, "spread your bag on the floor and sit beside me."

He nodded, but stayed where he was with his back to the fire. The dry warm air made him drowsy, and the unvarying drone of rain accentuated the solitude. Watching her, he wondered crazily whether—when the last man and the last woman were left on earth—it would be something like this.

She lay so small and still, her eyes fixed unwaveringly on the shadow of his face. Then he saw them fill up with tears.

"Scared?" he asked.

She nodded jerkily. "If O'Reilly doesn't come . . ." She sniffled and turned her head away so that he ahouldn't see her cry.

Mark tossed his bag on the floor beside her hammock and sat down on it. "There must be some way to get up to the mine," he said. "Even if we have to hike the rest of the way."

"Hike?" she gulped. "Why, it's over a hundred miles! Even an Indian couldn't make it. You'd have to cut every inch of the way with a machette—if you had one."

"Couldn't we follow the river?"

She gave her head an emphatic toss. "There isn't a chance, Mark. You couldn't wade a hundred and ten miles through that muck. And these rivers are swarming with piranuas—that's a small man-eating fish."

She shivered. "We're whipped, Mark! And it may be all my fault! I shouldn't have come."

"You mustn't talk like that!" he told her brusquely.

He went down on his knees and forced a couple of more sticks of wood into the stove.

"You'd better catch some sleep," he said, and snuffed out one of the candles between his fingers. The hut seemed stuffy, so he opened the door and let it air out. The downpour continued, but it gave indications of letting up a little.

For ten minutes he stood in the open doorway, smoking. When he turned back into the room, Irene was fast asleep.

He stood by the hammock, looking down at her. Her mouth was soft and turned up a little at the corners, as if she might at any moment smile. His sister Joan used to look like that. He moved the remaining candle around to the other side of the stove so it would not light her face. After that, he sat down and carefully cleaned his revolver. Finally he lay down and fell asleep.

Mark woke with a sharp pencil of sunlight striking his face. Turning on his back, he looked around the hut. It amazed him to realise how thoroughly it had kept out the rain of last evening, for now he could see the sky quite plainly through the palm fronds which thatched the roof, and the reed walls looked hardly more than lattice work.

Please turn to page 28

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SCANDAL IN HIGH PLACES

By

Agatha Christie

"These attacks on my wife," Edward Ferrier told Poirot. "They're scurrilous—absolutely unfounded!"

"THE situation is an extremely delicate one, Monsieur Poirot."

A faint smile flitted across Hercule Poirot's lips. He almost replied, "It always is!"

Instead, he composed his face and put on what might be described as a bedside manner.

Sir George Conway proceeded weightily. Phrases fell easily from his lips—the extreme delicacy of the Government's position—the interests of the public—the necessity for presenting a united front — the power of the Press—the welfare of the Country . . .

The words rolled on; poor Sir George became quite red in the face. He shot a glance at the other man sitting at the head of the table, and that other man responded.

Edward Ferrier said: "All right, George. I'll tell him."

Hercule Poirot shifted his gaze from the Home Secretary to the Prime Minister. He felt a keen interest in Edward Ferrier—an interest aroused by a chance phrase from an old man of eighty-two. Professor Fergus MacLeod, after disposing of a chemical difficulty in the conviction of a murderer, had touched for a moment on politics. On the retirement of John Hammett (now Lord Dittisham) his son-in-law Edward Ferrier had been asked to form a Cabinet.

For a politician he was young—under fifty. MacLeod had said, "Ferrier was one of my students. He's a sound man."

That was all, but to Hercule Poirot it represented a great deal. If MacLeod called a man sound it was a testimonial to character compared with which no popular or Press enthusiasm counted at all.

It coincided, it was true, with the popular estimate.

Edward Ferrier was sound — not brilliant, not great, not a magnificent orator, not a man of deep learning. He was a man bred in the tradition: a man who had married John Hammett's daughter, who had been John Hammett's right-hand man, and who could be trusted to carry on the government of the country in the John Hammett traditions.

For John Hammett was particularly dear to the people and Press of England. He represented every quality which was dear to Englishmen. People said of him, "One does feel that Hammett's honest." Anecdotes were told of his simple home life, of his fondness for gardening.

When at last ill-health forced him to give up the reins of office, deep uneasiness was felt. Who would succeed him?

A sigh of relief went up when the quiet Edward Ferrier assumed office. Ferrier was all right. He had been trained by the Old Man, he had married the Old Man's daughter. In the classic British phrase, Ferrier would "carry on."

Poirot studied the quiet, dark-faced man with the low pleasant voice. Lean and dark and tired-looking.

Edward Ferrier was saying: "Perhaps, Monsieur Poirot, you are acquainted with a weekly periodical called the X-ray News?"

"I have glanced at it."

"Then you know more or less of what it consists," the Prime Minister said. "Snappy paragraphs hinting at sensational secret history. Some of it true, much of it harmless—but served up in a spicy manner. Occasionally—"

He paused and then said, his voice altering a little: "Occasionally something more."

Poirot did not speak. Ferrier went on: "For two weeks now there have been hints of impending disclosures of a first-class scandal in 'the highest political circles. Astonishing record of corruption and jobbery.' "

"A common trick," Hercule Poirot said. "When the actual revelation comes it usually disappoints the cravers after sensation."

"This will not disappoint them," said Ferrier, dryly.

"You know then what these revelations are going to be?" Poirot asked.

"With a fair amount of accuracy."

Edward Ferrier paused a minute, then began the story.

It was not edifying. Accusations of shameless chicanery, of share-juggling, of a gross misuse of party funds were levelled against the late Prime Minister, John Hammett. They made him out to be a dishonest rascal, a gigantic confidence trickster, using his position to amass for himself a vast fortune.

The Prime Minister's voice stopped at last. The Home Secretary groaned. He spluttered out, "It's monstrous—monstrous! This fellow, Perry, who edits the rag, ought to be shot."

"These so-called revelations are to appear in the X-ray News?" said Poirot.

"Yes."

"What steps do you propose to take about it?"

"They constitute a private attack on John Hammett," Ferrier said slowly. "It is open to him to sue the paper for libel."

"Will he do that?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"It is probable that there is nothing the X-ray News would like better," Ferrier said. "The publicity given them would be enormous. Their defence would be that what they had printed was the truth. The whole business would be exhaustively held up to view in a blaze of limelight."

"If the case went against them, the damages would be extremely heavy."

"It might not go against them."

"Why?"

Edward Ferrier said quietly, "Because what they intend to print is the truth."

Please turn to page 12

New fashion for voluntary war workers

This attractive young lady is a voluntary helper at a Service Canteen. "I wear Glaide everywhere", she says. "It looks smarter than silk stockings, really. No crooked seams or baggy ankles. And it's so *cool*." Buy a bottle of Glaide Liquid Hosiery and pour yourself one pair of glamour stockings after another! But insist on Glaide to get that cool glamour and sheer silky appearance. Chemists, beauty salons, and department stores sell Glaide in three smart shades.

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MORE THAN CORONETS

• *Story of a young couple who built new happiness on the ruin of lost romance.*

By . . .

PHYLLIS MANNIN

After a hard spell on duty, Nick gratefully sipped the hot cocoa Daphne had prepared.

"I SUPPOSE you'll want alimony?"

"Why, yes, Nick, I could hardly manage without it."

Daphne spoke gently because she was determined that this marriage of theirs that had begun with so much love and tenderness should at least end with dignity. There must be no bitter quarrel. Yet in her heart she wondered if a blazing row would not justify their parting better than this icy politeness.

Try as she would, there was no one thing that might be named as the cause of their separation. Their marriage had just broken on the wheel of a thousand insidious little discontents.

Better to make a fresh start now, before they positively hated each other.

She had said all that a week ago to Nick and he, a little white about the lips, had agreed. It seemed rather selfish to be absorbed with their own private problems at a time when the world was at war, but better now and at once, thought Daphne, since we have faced facts.

Nick had said nothing more for the rest of the week. He had looked so grave and worried, she felt a pang of remorse for having brought things to a head when this beastly war must have thrown his work into a state of chaos.

She watched him now, standing at the window, hands dug deep into trouser pockets. Why had they failed when they had had so much on their side — youth, health, good looks and enough money—why, why?

Nick turned and faced her.

"I was wondering just what proportion of three quid a week I could let you have," he said.

"Three pounds a week?" she echoed. "Don't be so silly, Nick. You told me you were making a thousand a year, and were expecting a rise."

"I was expecting a rise, but I got the push instead. A war makes some jobs, breaks others. I was one of the first to go—young, no children."

"Nick, I'm sorry—but—but where does the three pounds a week come in?"

"It comes in very nicely from the A.F.S. I get my uniform, and meals when I'm on duty. The hobby you found so amusing last year is now my sole means of support!"

Daphne felt her whole world tumbling about her ears. This was past believing; all her plans for a dignified end to their marriage were so many dreams, all her hopes for a fresh start were nebulous.

"It's fantastic, Nick, absolutely fantastic. It means — why it means——"

"It means that you're a fireman's wife, putting it bluntly," said Nick, grim lines of humor about his mouth. "I wonder what our smart friends will say about that?"

A dull flush touched her cheeks. She knew Nick was referring to the rather stupidly smart crowd she ran around with. When he said "our friends" he really meant "yours," and Daphne had to admit that he had precious little in common with them.

"What on earth made you do it? There are other jobs."

"I'd like to know where," Nick broke in swiftly. "I've seen this coming since August and I've tried everything. Firms are cutting down, rather than taking on new staff. Then this vacancy occurred at the station—Greenway had to resign because of ill-health—and I was lucky to be taken on as a full-time man."

"And how do you propose for us both to live on three pounds a week?"

"Others are doing it, and some have children," said Nick patiently.

Tears of frustration and self-pity started to her eyes.

Nick came swiftly across the room and gripped her by the shoulders.

"Listen, Daph. I know it's bad luck, and it falls heaviest on you. I'm sorry, my dear, especially as you had planned to start life anew. Forgive me for failing you once again."

She looked up at him and the sight of his white, anxious face touched her.

"Sorry, Nick, I'm being unreasonable, but it's a blow. What do you propose we do?"

He turned away.

"I've two suggestions. Will you stand by me until this thing is over, and then, when I can get a decent job again, we'll renew our talks of last week. Or would you like to try for a job?"

"A job? But what could I do?" There was a note of panic in Daphne's voice.

Nick smiled over his shoulder.

"I can't think of a single thing, my dear. Your value to the world is entirely ornamental. I'm afraid. Better stay and housekeep for me."

"Housekeep on three pounds a week? Nick, I don't think I can. Elsie and Mrs. Walters will have to go, of course, and I don't know the first thing about cleaning and cooking."

Nick laughed.

"A year ago I knew precious little about being a fireman, but I've learned, and, believe me, it is no cushy job. You must learn, too. It can't be so bad, and you're young and strong. I'll help you all I can. Come on, now, is it a bargain?" He held out his hand.

She put hers into it.

"For the duration then," she smiled.

Nick bent swiftly and kissed the white fingers with their delicately lacquered tips.

"Bless you, Daphne, you're a grand little sport, and somehow I think you won't regret this."

. . . . . .

In the following weeks Daphne felt she had never regretted anything quite so much. Nick had spells of duty all round the clock and Daphne's life was an unending struggle to get meals to time and do the work of the little cottage they had moved to. Her culinary efforts did not go farther than bacon and eggs and after nearly a week of this diet Nick began to complain.

"WHAT about Irish stew?" he suggested. "That's good and cheap."

So Daphne tried her hand at it, and when Nick came in there was a deliciously savory smell in the air. She felt absurdly proud as she dished up.

She piled up Nick's plate and he probed about anxiously.

"What, no dumplings?"

To her own surprise and Nick's consternation she burst into tears.

"Why, Daphne, my dear, what is it?" He put an arm round her in a clumsy way.

"The only decent thing I've ever done and you find fault with it—and I've tried so hard! I suppose you think I'm a flop, hopeless, a helpless woman, useless to you and the world in general."

Nick gave her a hug.

"Of course I don't. I'm sorry if I've seemed hard on you. As for being a flop, actually I think you're managing very well, considering it is all so new to you, and you'll improve."

It was nice sitting there with Nick's arm round her, nice and comforting. He gave her a quick little shake and went back to his seat.

"Come on now, or the dinner will be spoilt," he said.

Going up to her room that night, aching with tiredness, Daphne reviewed the whole situation. Nick had been sweet, but she didn't believe a word he said about her managing well. She was a flop, and she knew it. But even flops can be cured.

"I've done nothing more useful in life than amuse myself, but I've agreed to run this house and run it I will. I won't let a few sticks of furniture and an old gas-stove get me down. I'll do it and I'll make a success of it. I'll show Nick."

It seemed awfully important to justify herself in Nick's eyes.

At breakfast next day Nick was murmuring something about shirts.

Please turn to page 23

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AMERICA'S No. 1 HEROINE: MacArthur's wife stays at his side

MANILA HOTEL, in the Philippines, where in a penthouse on the roof General and Mrs. MacArthur lived happily until the Japanese invasion.

GENERAL MACARTHUR and his wife leaving the municipal building after their wedding in New York in April, 1937.

Shares danger and glory of desperate Philippines struggle

By JOHN B. DAVIES. Cabled from our New York office

America's No. 1 heroine to-day is petite brunette Mrs. Jean MacArthur, wife of the nation's No. 1 hero, General Douglas MacArthur. She insisted on remaining in the Philippines with her four-year-old son, Arthur, to be alongside her husband in the most desperate hour of his career. Her magnificent courage is an inspiration to men and women all over the world.

Friends of the former Southern beauty aren't surprised at her decision. They say it's exactly what they would have expected Mrs. MacArthur to do.

THE meeting, courtship, and marriage of the handsome, dynamic General and the modest, quiet-mannered smalltown girl is like a storybook romance.

Superficially the couple seem wholly dissimilar.

There's 19 years difference in their ages, and their lives until they met in 1935 ran along entirely different lines.

MacArthur was literally born into the Army. He arrived in 1880 in a canvas-topped Army waggon, crossing the wilds of Arkansas. His father, an officer of the United States Army, was changing posts at the time of Douglas' birth.

MacArthur's career since then has been exciting, dangerous, romantic, and always closely bound up with the army.

Jean Faircloth had lived the sheltered provincial life of a Southern belle reminiscent of some of the characters depicted in "Gone With the Wind."

She was born in picturesque Tennessee.

Her father was a prominent, wealthy businessman, and her mother, known throughout the countryside as "Miss Sallie," was a typical soft-spoken Southern matron.

Miss Sallie loved antiques and fine pictures, and Jean grew up in a huge white plantation home surrounded by hundreds of paintings from six-foot portraits to miniatures.

GENERAL MACARTHUR (right) with one of his officers on the field in the Philippines, where his magnificent stand against the Japanese has won world-wide admiration.

Jean was carefully educated in the old-time Southern tradition. She attended Soule Ladies' College in Murfreesboro, and later Ward Belmont College, Nashville.

School chums say she was a small, pretty girl, but more interested in reading and studying than in beauty.

When her father died in 1912 he left a fortune of 600,000 dollars to be divided equally among Jean and her two brothers, Cameron and Fred.

After finishing school Jean used her inheritance to satisfy her childhood longing to travel, and it was on a voyage to the Philippines that she met MacArthur's 82-year-old mother.

The old lady took an immediate fancy to the modest, well-mannered girl, and when the ship arrived at Manila she introduced the General, who was then military adviser to the Philippine Government at a salary of 31,500 dollars a year.

Tall, active 55-year-old MacArthur and Jean, then 36, took an instant liking to each other.

Jean developed the keenest interest in army affairs, and, unlike most American women, became thoroughly absorbed in Philippine life.

Friends in Murfreesboro got their first inkling that romance had entered the life of Jean from the fact that she remained in Manila more than a year, and wrote glowing accounts of the interesting, easy-going life of the islands.

General MacArthur returned to the United States in February, 1937, accompanying President Manuel Queson, and a few months later Jean arrived home.

Without any flourish or publicity, General MacArthur and Jean were married in the chapel of New York's municipal building on April 30, 1937.

MacArthur's only comment to interviewers after the ceremony was: "This job is going to last a long time."

The marriage came as a complete surprise to friends of both the General and Jean.

General MacArthur had previously been married —to glamorous heiress Louise Cromwell Brooks, daughter of socially prominent Mrs. E. T. Stotesbury.

Their wedding, which newspapers referred to as the marriage of "Mars and Millions," took place in 1923.

It followed a whirlwind courtship while handsome Douglas MacArthur was Superintendent of West Point Military Academy.

The story is that MacArthur proposed to Louise the first time they met, and forthright Louise, who's now Mrs. Lionel Atwill, admits "Of course he did. If he hadn't I believe I would have done it myself."

MacArthur was 42 at the time of his first marriage, although he reportedly had made an "engagement record" while a cadet at West Point when he was rumored affianced to eight girls in four years.

But a soldiering career in the Philippines, Mexico, France, and other parts of the world had interested MacArthur more than matrimony.

Immediately after his marriage Brigadier-General MacArthur was ordered to the Philippines as United States Army District Commander.

His wife enjoyed the novelty of island life for a few months, but by 1923 was writing to friends in America that she found the life "extremely dull" and hoped to persuade her husband to resign from the Army. MacArthur declined to consider any other life but the Army, and the couple drifted farther and farther apart until June, 1929, when Louise went to Reno and obtained a divorce, charging MacArthur with "failure to provide."

She told reporters: "The General and I are divorcing because we are wholly incompatible. I have the greatest admiration and respect for him. We part as friends."

A year later she became the bride of British actor Lionel Atwill who was then one of the leading stage and film stars in America.

In July, 1941, when Roosevelt appointed MacArthur Commanding-General of all United States Armed Forces in the Far East, Mrs. Atwill remarked: "I exchanged four little stars for one big star!"

By a curious coincidence, MacArthur's second honeymoon was also spent on the voyage to the Philippines, where he was ordered to return a few days after the marriage to Jean.

Until the outbreak of war their life in Manila was idyllic.

Their son Arthur was born in February, 1938.

The MacArthurs lived in a luxurious air-conditioned penthouse atop Manila Hotel.

Jean took the keenest interest in soldiering, and shared MacArthur's intense absorption in military matters.

Jean addresses her husband as "General," while he affectionately calls her "Maam."

LAST-DITCH FIGHTER

GENERAL Douglas MacArthur is one of the big men of the Pacific campaign. His army's stand in the Philippines is an epic of courage and endurance on the part of the U.S. and Filipino forces engaged.

Secret of his success is his aggressive tactics and his superb use of the Filipinos as scouts and raiders, and masterly handling of his small air force. His example has made every man under him a last-ditch fighter.

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WESTERN DESERT, with Tobruk in the distance. Australian Nancy Wright is a nurse here. —Dept. Information photo.

Romance in battledress for nurse from Moree

Nancy Wright and American husband honeymoon in Libyan desert

Cabled from El Gazala, Libya

By RONALD MONSON

Famous War Correspondent in the Western Desert.

Coming through a duststorm just behind our lines to-day, I was amazed to see a slim figure in battledress whom I first identified as a woman, although it was hard to believe my eyes.

Then, despite the dust covering her face, I recognised her as Miss Nancy Wright, or Mrs. Le Clair Smith as she has become since last I saw her working in the front line with the Hadfield Spear ambulance field service near Damascus.

MR. AND MRS. LE CLAIR SMITH on their wedding day at Beirut. Mrs. Smith was Nancy Wright, of Moree.

RIGHT: Nancy Wright, of Moree, now Mrs. Le Clair Smith.

THIS former nursing sister from Moree shares with a French woman doctor, a French nurse, and an English woman driver the distinction of being the only women serving in the front line in the Western Desert.

When I last met Nancy there was with the unit a handsome young New Yorker ambulance driver, Le Clair Smith. Nancy married him at Beirut, Syria, on December 1. They came to the Western Desert together soon afterwards.

Smith is attached to a neighboring Free French unit. Nancy's mobile surgical unit is also attached to the Free French, so the honeymoon hasn't been interrupted by the battle which is raging a few miles away.

Nancy attends her patients in the finest operating theatre in the Western Desert. It consists of two vans which are run together and the sides collapsed to form one big, almost dustproof, theatre.

New technique

BECAUSE of its mobility, it is dubbed "the strolling theatre."

Nancy's husband and other drivers bring in the wounded. If the patients require operations they are performed on the spot, saving the wounded from the discomfort of a jolting, dusty ride across the desert to the rear hospital.

Nancy explained to me a new technique adopted by her hospital.

The patients arrive covered in dust. They are not washed, but are operated on as they are.

They are not even undressed. The uniforms are just cut away to allow the operations to proceed.

This method has reduced shock to a minimum and has proved highly successful.

The young Australian is very flattered at the privilege of being right in the front-line area.

It is no adventure tour, though. She works hard at a highly important job. Australians can be proud that one of their women was selected for the work.

She wears the Insignia Cross of Lorraine on her battledress, and proudly displays on an arm three service stripes, each representing six months' active service.

I have seen her working under fire in France, Syria, and now in the Western Desert. It's a fine record.

As I talked with her, an air battle was going on overhead. Presently a German plane came down in flames. It was the second successful air battle overhead to-day.

In the distance guns were rumbling, but Nancy, an old soldier now, took no notice.

She sleeps on the floor of her tent on a legless stretcher, bathes in the sea when she can get to it, and washes when the water supply permits it.

Battle zone

BATTLE came to her front door this morning when German planes strafed one of our columns passing her hospital. I saw one cannon shell fall five yards from her tent, and gave her a fragment as a souvenir.

She was soon attending two men wounded in the strafe—the only two casualties of the raid.

Her only worry is the proximity of the Japanese to Australia and the fate of her brother, a doctor, who was serving in Malaya.

A minor concern is that she is still unable to understand fully conversations with her French colleagues, but her knowledge of French is improving.

Nancy plans to return to Australia after the war before going to America.

MARCHING MEN in the dusty wastes of Libya. —Dept. Information photo.

ADMIRAL LEARY—watchdog of Anzac seas

Cabled by JOHN B. DAVIES from our New York office

Tall, ruddy-faced Vice-Admiral Herbert F. Leary, recently named Commander of the Anzac Naval Forces, is one of America's top-ranking Navy "career" men.

As the son of Rear-Admiral Richard P. Leary he was destined for the Navy from birth. A sequence of father and son as admirals is rare in United States history. The Commander's middle initial stands for Fairfax and he is a distant cousin of the Scottish Lord Fairfax.

VICE-ADMIRAL HERBERT F. LEARY, Commander of the Anzac Naval Forces.

LEARY is perhaps one of the few admirals who look and act like Hollywood's idea of a typical Navy commander.

Well over six feet, he's thin and erect, with square jaw and booming voice which, according to one of his associates, "can be heard from stem to stern of the biggest battleship."

Aboard ship he has a reputation for being an especially strict disciplinarian, but somewhat paradoxically he's one of the most popular "skippers" with ratings because of his ability and scrupulous fairness.

Friends say Leary is never "off duty" even ashore, where he is known as an amiable chap with a good sense of humor but always absorbed in Navy matters.

Rear-Admiral John Henry Newton, who was a classmate of Leary at Annapolis Naval Academy, told me, "The outstanding characteristic of the man is that he is so full of energy he never seems tired and never spares himself."

He's a great believer in physical fitness and takes daily exercises today as he's done all his life since his schooldays.

His "vice" is pipe-smoking, and he's seldom seen without a brier clamped in his teeth.

Leary's capacity for sustained work is almost legendary in naval circles. Arising at 6 or 7 in the morning he rushes through breakfast, then plunges into work, drives ceaselessly all day and night until bedtime, when he reluctantly knocks off to retire.

Ashore Vice-Admiral Leary's principal interests are his family and golf, and he makes a hobby of working out intricate naval tactical problems.

At the age of 24, four years after he graduated from the Naval Academy, Leary married Marion Bryant, one of the Washington belles in the early part of the century.

They have two children, a boy and a girl, both of whom are grown up now, and the Admiral recently became a proud grandfather when his daughter Neville, now Mrs. George Crozer, had a daughter.

Mrs. Leary is at present travelling in the United States, visiting her son in Washington and her daughter in Philadelphia, but she says she is most keen to go to Australia to be near her husband if and when it can be arranged.

Vice-Admiral Leary is fond of golf, but, according to friends, he's no Bobby Jones or Jim Ferrier at the game.

He tackles golf from the standpoint of a naval manoeuvre, and it is reported comes out with an occasional lusty damn when the ball flies off the course.

The Anzac Naval Commander, who'll be 57 on May 31, enjoys keenly competitive sports and played a good deal of baseball and tennis when younger. He was champion fencer at the Naval Academy.

After a brilliant and exciting naval career Leary is ideally suited to his present post, which naval men consider one of the most important anywhere in the world.

Among his decorations are Navy Cross, Victory Medal, Cuba Campaign Medal, and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor awarded by France.

Leary is not a complete stranger to the Antipodes. He visited Australia as a member of a famous round-the-world fleet tour when Theodore Roosevelt was President.

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ANDERSON, V.C. *Plucky wife runs country property*

LIEUT.-COL. CHARLES ANDERSON, first V.C. of the Pacific War, has a heroic wife. He fights, she runs 4000-acre farm.

MRS. ANDERSON also cares for her young family. Three of four children are shown here. The eldest is Gay, nine.

TYPICAL SCENE at Fernhill, the Anderson home. Mrs. Anderson has one station hand, and does a great deal of outdoor work.

MRS. ANDERSON is a fine horsewoman, and a member of the pioneer Tout family, of Young. She met her husband in East Africa; returned here in 1936.

AT 21, Colonel Anderson, then a captain in the King's African Rifles, won the M.C. in the last war. He is 45.

GAY and the seven-year-old twins, Nicholas and Jeremy. Baby Virginia was away when the cameraman visited Fernhill. The children seldom see playmates since petrol rationing has ruled out holiday visiting.

FERNHILL HOMESTEAD stands on a rise overlooking peaceful hilly country. The telephone there has rung incessantly for a week since the news was announced; the tiny post office at Crowther has never been busier.

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In this hour of crisis . . .

Some practical advice to women

By E. G. THEODORE,

Director-General of the Allied Works Council in Australia. In an interview.

ALTHOUGH things are critical and a lot of people regard the outook as very sombre, it is marvellous what can be achieved by resolution and determination.

The nation, which embraces every man and woman of active mind and body, will exert every ounce of effort in the present emergency to contribute to the defence of Australia.

The formation of the Allied Works Council is an indication of this determination, and with other national bodies formed to speed up our war machine it will undoubtedly influence our ultimate fate.

Hundreds of women, from grandmothers to schoolgirls, have been inspired by the Prime Minister's order that every person in Australia is now at the service of the Government to work in the defence of the country.

Everywhere women are asking, "What can I do?"

The Government will, of course, answer these questions in a practical manner as it puts our vast war machine into gear.

But in the meantime, because I have learned a great deal about the capabilities of Australian women, I am glad to answer some of these questions if, as a practical man, I can be of any help.

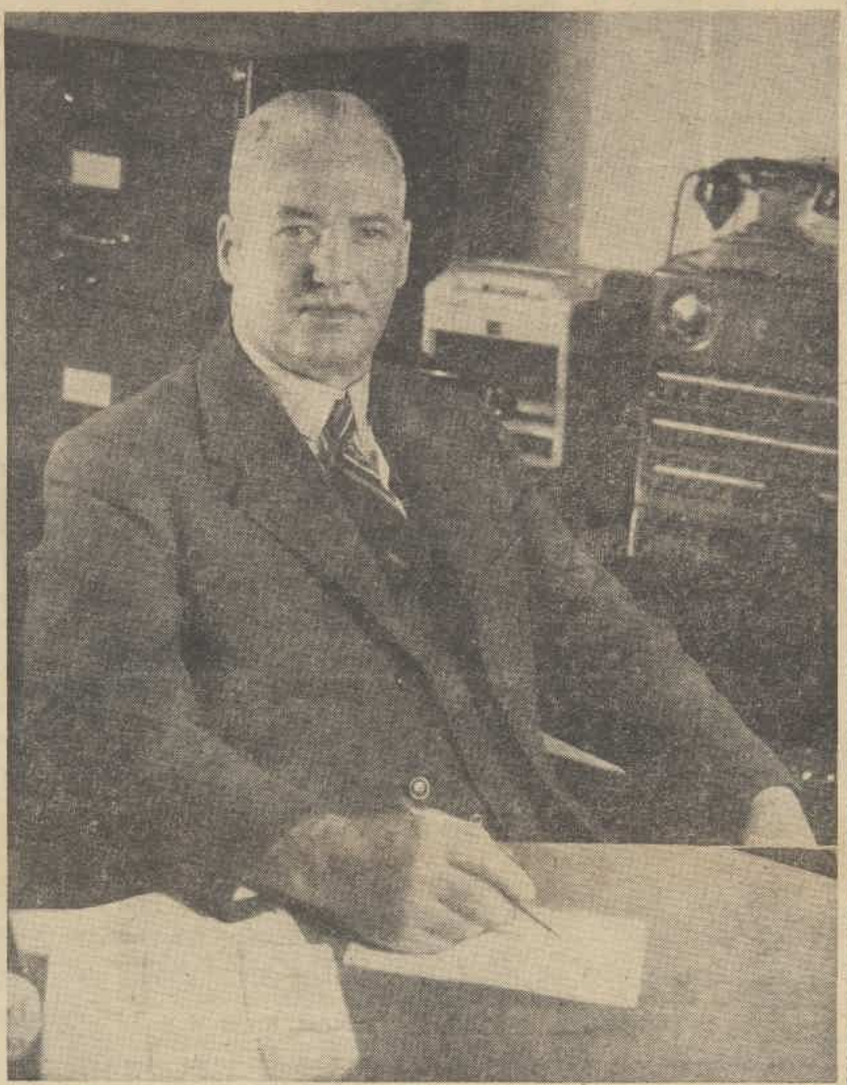
The married woman bringing up a family on the basic wage or on service pay is already performing a national service. But she asks, "What can I do?"

It seems to me she would be doing an additional national service by setting her house in order, so that if evacuation became necessary she can be a help, not a hindrance, to the Government.

She should carry out air-raid precautions in her own home if she has not already done so. She might attend A.R.P. and first-aid lectures, so that in an emergency she is then a dependable person in her own home unit and amongst the neighbors.

The country woman asks the same question, and to her can be given much the same answer.

She may, in addition, feel she can offer hospitality in the event of evacuation from the cities becoming necessary.



MR. E. G. THEODORE, Chairman of Directors of Consolidated Press Limited, who has just been appointed Director-General of the Allied Works Council.

She might, even in a small way, grow more food to preserve it for possible dislocation of local food services or a national food emergency.

She could prepare her property—and her own mind—for the grim possibility of a "scorched earth" order.

Well-to-do women ask if they should dismiss their children's nurses or servants.

It would undoubtedly be an assistance to the Government if staffs were released to go direct to war work, if it's known definitely that a war job is open to them, and if the money saved were diverted to war loans.

The woman of leisure can help, too, by devoting more and more time to efficient voluntary service.

Many business girls feel their jobs are not vital to the war effort.

The Women's Army and the W.A.A.A.F. are still asking for more recruits, and in due course the Government will decide whether any particular business girl should be transferred to war work.

In the meantime they can learn from Government employment agencies whether war industry needs them, which should be done before relinquishing their present jobs.

Otherwise they might disorganise industry if many girls took this step simultaneously.

The same course of action is open to professional women.

Our schoolgirls join in these earnest discussions on war service.

Many of them already devote their spare time to voluntary work, but those who are due to leave school in a year or two might, in their family discussions of their future careers, choose a job that is likely to aid their country—clerical work, technical training, and nursing are three they might consider.

LEARN FROM THE RUSSIANS

By SIR STAFFORD CRIPPS

in a special cable to The Australian Women's Weekly

I feel deeply for you in the anxieties which are now crowding in on your country. But I want to impress upon you women of Australia that you do not stand alone in your struggle to defend the world from the brutal aggression of the Axis forces.

IT'S become a common phrase to say that war is total. We are progressively realising what that totality really means. Not only has the battle spread over the world, but it extends to every member of the community.

Women and children alike are drawn into its horrors and into its endeavors.

It's because I've been privileged to witness the courage and endurance of Russian women in their war that I want to send you a message of hope and encouragement.

What Russian women have done, you women of Australia can do, too. English and Australian women are no less brave, and have as great and deep love for their country and their children.

The Russian women have played a great and distinguished part in the defence of their country and in the victories which have followed the long retreat of their armies.

Many jobs

THERE'S hardly a job that is done in these hard times in the Soviet Union that doesn't count women among its followers. Heavy jobs, light jobs, nice jobs, nasty jobs—if women feel they can help by doing them, why then they do them.

They don't argue, they don't excuse themselves, they just carry on and do the job.

They love their country with a passionate love.

They're determined to fight for the land that is so dear to them.

They fight for the protection, too, of peoples of other lands that they may not have to share the same ghastly fate at the hands of the Nazi hordes which have invaded their country.

Their example has been a great one, and their suffering in the territories occupied by the Nazis has been greater than those in many other territories because of the bitter cold of Russian winter.

They've had to undergo the bestial brutality of sadistic conquerors, just as the Chinese have for five long years suffered drunken, lustful orgies of Japanese, which are now being vented upon the inhabitants of Hongkong and Malaya.

Russian women have fought behind the German lines as guerrillas with rifle and hand grenades, risking torture and death because they mean to save their homeland for their children and those who come after them.

You will do no less.

You will join in the mighty struggle to vindicate all that's right and decent in our lives and to build a fairer and safer world for their children.

Courage, my friends, go to it!

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY By WEP

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A RATION OF FUN

"And also, grocer, no more of that breakfast food with energy."

"Terribly muggy."
"Too right. I'll bet the stupidity is high to-day."

"You say she only partially returned your affections?"
"Yes, she sent back all my letters, but she kept the jewellery."

MOPSY — The cheery redhead

"This is a wonderful tonic. It brings out the natural color of the hair and makes it bright red."

"This paddling seems to be coming easier every day, Johnston."

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Single tickets cost 1/- each.
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Address .....
State .....

I enclose a 2½d. stamp, to help the Red Cross.

Brainwaves

A prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

"BUSINESS seems to be picking up again."
"Get any orders to-day?"
"No, but I had several civil answers."

"LADIES and gentlemen," shouted the street corner salesman, "I have here a flexible comb. You can bend it double, you can hit it with a hammer, you can—"
Interested Listener: Can you comb hair with it?

"I WAS so upset when Tom kissed me last night."
"Why, hasn't he kissed you before?"
"Yes, but not in a canoe."

"YOUR mother has insulted me cruelly," sobbed the wife to her husband as he arrived home.
"My mother? But she's miles away."
"I know, but a letter came for you this morning and I opened it. In the postscript it said, 'Dear Alice, don't forget to give this letter to George.'"

"WHAT'S the idea of calling your dog Swindler?"
"When I call him in the street half the passers-by nearly jump out of their skins."

"DOES your girl have her own way?"
"Does she? Why, she writes her diary a week ahead."

MUSIC COMEDY QUIZ
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PRIVATE VIEWS

By The Australian Women's Weekly Film Reviewer

★★ NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

(Week's Best Release)

Bob Hope, Paulette Goddard. (Paramount.)

HERE'S another laughter hit for Bob Hope, jovial wise-cracking comedian. Credit is to Bob, not the antiquated story, which is taken from a 1916 farce.

Bob is an enterprising and very raw stockbroker who is silly enough to bet a small fortune belonging to client Paulette Goddard that he can tell the truth for twenty-four consecutive hours.

The three men, Edward Arnold, Leif Erikson, and Glenn Anders, who take the bet get him on to a luxury yacht, and push Bob into one tight corner after another.

Paulette Goddard is attractive to look at and acts competently. So do the other supporting players. But it is Bob's picture from beginning to end.—Prince Edward; showing.

★★ DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE

Spencer Tracy, Ingrid Bergman, Lana Turner. (MGM.)

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S famous tale relates the chilling adventures of Victorian Dr. Jekyll, who found a way of releasing the evil side of his own nature—and so transformed himself into the vicious Mr. Hyde.

This original horror, so haunting in quality, was caught by Paramount's early talkie version (with Fredric March and Miriam Hopkins). For all the elaborate production and interesting acting—Ingrid Bergman is magnificent—MGM's edition comes off second-best in intuition.

Technically, it scores in extraordinary symbolical sequences. As the potion takes effect, the phantasmagoria of Jekyll-into-Hyde's desires flashes and floats across the screen. Again, the new film plays down the grotesquerie of Hyde's appearance.

You will be surprised, however, at Lana Turner's good performance as the little fiancee—although I felt MGM should have switched the girls' roles.—St. James; showing.

★ SHE KNEW ALL THE ANSWERS

Joan Bennett, Franchot Tone. (Columbia.)

JOAN BENNETT and Franchot Tone are teamed in this frothy, romantic farce.

Its story, strictly unsophisticated, follows a familiar formula. Joan is a chorus girl whose marriage to wealthy playboy John Hubbard is prevented by John's staid broker uncle, Franchot Tone.

Tone, as the conservative broker, is amusing. Joan looks beautiful, but gives her usual flat performance. John Hubbard is again the exuberant, slightly irritating youth.—Victory; showing.

★ PUDDIN' HEAD

Judy Canova, Francis Lederer. (Republic.)

JUDY ("Scatterbrain") Canova is a refreshing and novel personality, so, in spite of the weak story and often outmoded comedy, you'll enjoy this film.

Once again playing the innocent hayseed, Judy, with her uncle (Slim Summerville), owns a farm on what appears to be New York's exclusive Fifth Avenue.

Judy puts over her songs in her customary entertaining fashion, and Eddie Foy, jun., is amusing.

Our Film Gradings

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★ DOWN MEXICO WAY

Gene Autry, Fay MacKenzie. (Republic.)

GENE AUTRY'S latest Western is pleasant, if leisurely, entertainment.

Gene's crooning is supplemented by some effective singing and dancing by Fay MacKenzie.

The villains of the story are two phoney motion-picture producers, who are trying to rob Fay's father of his savings. Gene, however, learns the truth in time.

A happy piece of casting is that of Harold Huber, who plays the comedy role of Pancho Grande, a reformed and good-natured bandit. Smiley Burnette adds a few laughs.—Cameo and Capitol; showing.

Shows Still Running

★★★ **Blossoms in the Dust.** Greer Garson in heart-warming drama.—Liberty; 10th week.

★★★ **Love on the Dole.** Deborah Kerr, Clifford Evans in powerful drama.—Embassy; 9th week.

★★ **Suspicion.** Joan Fontaine, Cary Grant in suspenseful drama.—Century; 9th week.

★★ **Hot Spot.** Betty Grable, Victor Mature, Carole Landis share excitement of good tough American thriller.—Plaza; 4th week.

★★ **International Lady.** Ilona Massey, George Brent in suspenseful spy drama.—Mayfair; 6th week.

★★ **Sundown.** Gene Tierney, Bruce Cabot in colorful topical adventure.—Regent; 2nd week.

Here's hot news from all studios!

CABLED FROM HOLLYWOOD

By Barbara O'Connor, our special representative

MR. and Mrs. Mickey Rooney (the former Ava Gardner) returned from their honeymoon this week.

Members of the Press, anxious for a first-hand story from the pair, met with a polite but firm refusal. The newlyweds announced they would grant no marriage interviews, as they were anxious to maintain the privacy of their home life.

* * *

DIANA BARRYMORE, vivacious daughter of John Barrymore and his second wife, Michael Strange, is soon to marry the well-known stage actor, Bramwell Fletcher. Fletcher was formerly the husband of film actress Helen Chandler.

* * *

RUMORS of a Jean Gabin-Ginger Rogers romance have increased—and for good reason. For the French actor left this week for a New York holiday—and on the same train were Ginger and her mother. What happens to poor George Montgomery no one knows.

* * *

FRENCH-BORN Charles Boyer and Mexican Gilbert Roland (husband of Constance Bennett) both became American citizens this week.

* * *

REJECTING the suggestion that irreplaceable actors should be exempted from military service, Hollywood's Screen Actors' Guild has passed a resolution requesting that actors, like other citizens, should report for the army when drafted.

THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD Dickie Jones, former well-known child star, must be regarded as Hollywood's unluckiest actor. After a long screen absence, Dickie was given a fine break with the lead opposite Shirley Temple in "Annie Rooney." This week he broke his leg, and had to withdraw from the cast.

* * *

THE gossips here are speculating anew over the possibility of a Madeleine Carroll-Stirling Hayden marriage, as the couple have arrived simultaneously in New York. Their romance began during the making of "Virginia," flourished while the pair were on location for "Bahama Passage," suddenly faded out when Hayden left Hollywood abruptly for Canada, where he signed up for naval convoy duty.

* * *

AUSTRALIAN Shirley Ann Richards, star of Cinesound pictures, who arrived here recently from Sydney without any publicity, is being asked by all the studios for film tests.

This is as a result of her work in "Fear," an MGM short feature in the John Nesbitt Passing Parade series, in which Shirley Ann makes her Hollywood debut.

Well-known agent Leland Hayward (husband of Margaret Sullavan), who is sponsoring the Australian girl, believes her performance in "Fear" will win her an MGM contract.

Apparently she has made an impression on Metro, where she is called a "young Greer Garson." She has dropped the Shirley, becoming Ann Richards for the screen.

Scandal in High Places

Continued from page 5

"EDWARD, my dear fellow," cried Sir George. "We don't admit, surely—"

The ghost of a smile passed over Edward Ferrier's tired face. He said: "Unfortunately, George, there are times when the stark truth has got to be told. This is one of them."

Sir George exclaimed: "You understand, Monsieur Poirot, all this is strictly in confidence. Not one word—"

Ferrier interrupted him. He said: "Monsieur Poirot understands that." He went on slowly, "What he may not understand is this: the whole future of the Traditionalist Party is at stake. John Hammett, Monsieur Poirot, was the Traditionalist Party. He stood for what it represents to the people of England — that is, Moderation and Honesty.

"No one has ever thought us brilliant. We have muddled and blundered. But we have stood for the tradition of doing one's best — and we have stood, too, for fundamental honesty. Our disaster is this — that the man who was our figurehead, the supreme Honest Man, turns out to be one of the worst crooks of this generation."

Poirot asked: "You knew nothing of all this?"

Again the quick smile flashed across the weary face. Ferrier said: "You may not believe me, Monsieur Poirot, but like everyone else I was completely deceived. I never understood my wife's curious attitude of reserve towards her father. She knew his essential character."

He paused, and then said: "When the truth began to leak out I was horrified, incredulous. We insisted on my father-in-law's resignation on the grounds of ill-health and we set to work to—to clean up the mess, shall I say?"

Sir George groaned.

Ferrier said: "It will prove, I fear, too colossal a task for us. Once the facts become public, there will be a wave of reaction all over the country. The Government will fall. There will be a general election and in all probability Everhard and his party will be returned to power. You know Everhard's policy."

Sir George spluttered.

"A firebrand — a complete firebrand."

"I sent for you, Monsieur Poirot," said Ferrier, "as a last hope. In my opinion this business is too big, too many people know about it, for it to be successfully concealed. The only two methods open to us —which are, to put it bluntly, force and bribery—cannot really hope to succeed. It needs, Monsieur Poirot, nothing less than a miracle."

He paused a minute, then he said: "But perhaps, monsieur, you take an ethical view of the situation? John Hammett was a crook, the legend of John Hammett must be exploded. Can one build an honest house on dishonest foundations? I do not know. But I do know that I want to try."

Poirot rose. He said: "Monsieur, my experience in the police force has not, perhaps, allowed me to think very highly of politicians. But I know something about you. I have been told, by a man who is really great, one of the greatest scientists and brains of the day, that you are a sound man. I will do what I can."

He bowed and left the room.

On his way downstairs, Poirot was intercepted by a tall, fair-haired woman. She said: "Please come into my sitting-room, Monsieur Poirot."

He bowed and followed her.

She shut the door, motioned him to a chair, and sat down opposite him. She said quietly: "You have just seen my husband, and he has told you—about my father."

Poirot looked at her with attention. He saw a tall woman, still handsome, with character and intelligence in her face. Mrs. Ferrier was a popular figure.

Hercule Poirot said: "You must be terribly worried, madame."

"Oh, I am—you don't know how much. For years I have been dreading—something."

"You had no idea of what was actually going on?"

She shook her head.

"No—not in the least. I only knew that my father was not—was not what everyone thought him. I realised, from the time that I was a child, that he was a humbug."

Her voice was deep and bitter.

"It is through marrying me," she said, "that Edward — that Edward will lose everything."

"Have you any enemies, madame?"

She looked up at him, surprised. "Enemies? I don't think so."

"I think you have. Have you courage, madame? There is a great campaign afoot against your husband—and yourself. You must prepare to defend yourself."

"It doesn't matter about me," she cried. "Only about Edward."

"The one includes the other. Remember, madame, you are Caesar's wife."

He saw her color ebb. She leaned forward.

"What is it you are trying to tell me?" she said.

. . . . . .

Percy Perry, editor of the X-ray News, sat behind his desk smoking. He was a small man with a face like a weasel.

"We'll give 'em the dirt, all right," he said in a soft oily voice. "Lovely —lovely. Oh boy!"

His second-in-command, a thin, spectacled youth, said uneasily: "You're not nervous?"

"Expecting strong-arm stuff? Not them. Haven't got the nerve. Wouldn't do them any good, either. Not the way we've got it farmed out —in this country and on the Continent and in America."

"They must be in a pretty good stew. Won't they do anything?"

"They'll send someone to talk pretty——"

A buzzer sounded. Percy Perry picked up a receiver. He said: "Who do you say? Right, send him up."

He put the receiver down — grinned.

"They've got that high-toned Belgian dick on to it. He's coming up now to do his stuff. Wants to know if we'll play ball."

Hercule Poirot came in.

"Pleased to meet you, Monsieur Poirot," said Percy Perry. "What do you want to see me about?"

"Blackmail," answered Poirot.

"What the devil do you mean, blackmail?"

"I have heard—the little bird has told me—that on occasions you have been on the point of publishing certain very damaging statements in your so clever paper—then, there has been a pleasant little increase in your bank balance—and, after all those statements have not been published."

"Do you realise that what you're suggesting amounts to slander?"

"I am sure you will not prosecute me."

"You won't find anyone to prosecute me on a blackmail charge, either."

"No, no, I am quite sure of that. You misunderstood me. I was not threatening you. I was leading up to a simple question. How much?"

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"A matter of national importance, Monsieur Perry."

They exchanged a significant glance.

Percy Perry said: "I'm a reformer, Monsieur Poirot. I want to see politics cleaned up. I'm opposed to corruption. Do you know what the state of politics is in this country? Rotten! And what is needed to clean up the mess is the great purifying of Public Opinion."

Hercule Poirot got up.

"I applaud your sentiments," he said. "It is a pity that you do not feel in need of money."

"I didn't say that exactly . . ." Percy Perry said.

Hercule Poirot came back from the door.

. . . . . .

Everitt Dashwood, the cheery reporter on the staff of the Branch, clapped Hercule Poirot affectionately on the back.

"There's dirt and dirt, my boy," he said. "My dirt's clean dirt, that's all."

"I was not suggesting that you were on a par with Percy Perry."

"Beastly little bloodsucker. He's a blot on our profession. We'd all down him if we could."

"It happens," said Hercule Poirot, "that I am engaged at the moment on a little matter of clearing up a political scandal."

"Too much for you, my boy. Only hope is to divert the Thames and wash away the Houses of Parliament."

"You, I think, are just the man I seek," said Poirot. "You have a reckless disposition, you are the good sport, you like something that is out of the usual."

"And granting all these?"

"I HAVE a little scheme to put into action. If my ideas are right there will be a sensational plot to unmask. That, my friend, you shall do in your paper."

"Can do," said Dashwood cheerfully.

"It will concern a dastardly attack on a woman."

"Better and better."

"Then sit down and listen."

. . . . . .

People were talking. In the Goose and Feathers at Little Wimpington.

"Well, I don't believe it. John Hammett, he was always an honest man, he was. Not like some of these political folk."

"That's what they say about all swindlers before they're found out."

"Thousands, they say he made, out of that Palestine oil business. Just a crook deal, it was."

"Ferrier's wife, she's 'is daughter. Chip of the old block. See what it said about her?"

They pored over a much-thumbed copy of the X-ray News.

"Caesar's wife? We hear that a certain highly placed political lady was seen in very strange surroundings the other day. Complete with her gigolo. Oh, Dagmar, Dagmar, how could you be so naughty?"

A rustic voice said slowly: "You can never tell with women. The whole bunch of 'em is wrong 'uns, if you ask me."

People were talking.

"But, darling, I believe it's absolutely true. Naomi had it from Paul and he had it from Andy. She's absolutely depraved."

"But she was always so terribly dowdy and proper and opening bazaars."

"Just camouflage, darling. It's all in the X-ray News. Oh, not right out, but you can read between the lines. I don't know how they get hold of these things."

"What do you think of all this political scandal touch? They say her father embezzled the Party funds."

People were talking.

. . . . . .

"These attacks on my wife," Edward Ferrier said. "They're scurrilous—absolutely unfounded! I'm bringing an action against that vile rag."

Please turn to page 17

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The Movie World

Match their Swimsuits

• In matching swimsuits, Penny Singleton, famous for the Columbia Blondie comedies, and her co-star, Arthur Lake, go to the beach.
• With them, naturally, is another member of the Blondie family, Larry Simms.
• Latest film of the series is to be "Blondie Goes to College."

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Handiest thing in the house

The trade-mark Vaseline is your assurance that you are getting the genuine product of the Chesebrough Manufacturing Company.

Actress Gives Recipe for Grey Hair

Miss Nancie Stewart, Well-Known Actress, Tells How to Darken Grey Hair With Simple Home-Made Mixture.

Miss Nancie Stewart, talented Australian actress,—whose artistry has won her many prominent theatrical roles,—gives the following advice on grey hair and how to darken it:—"Anyone can prepare a simple mixture at home that will darken grey hair and make it soft and glossy. To a half-pint of water add one ounce of Bay Rum, a small box of **Orlex Compound** and 1 ounce Glycerine. These ingredients can be bought at any chemist's at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. This should make a grey-haired person appear 10 to 20 years younger. It does not discolour the scalp, is not sticky or greasy, and does not rub off."

DEMAND FOR YOUTH

ENGLAND STILL BATTLING

By MICHAEL BALCON
London film producer

BRITISH films, although having a hard time, are still alive and kicking. And they are looking for and discovering new talent.

One might have expected the war to have closed the door to youth. The reverse has happened. So many established players have joined up, or have been called up, that opportunities for newcomers have presented themselves.

There is Gordon Cameron Jackson, who gets his big chance in "The Foreman Went to France." It is also his first screen appearance. The Scottish lad is only 17, and he was working in an aircraft factory when he received my offer from Ealing Studios to take a screen test.

Jackson, who had never even essayed the smallest part on the stage, was amazed, but he took a chance and succeeded.

How did it happen that he was approached? Well, we needed a young Scot for an important part in "The Foreman Went to France," and three people in Glasgow were asked for suggestions. To our surprise they all suggested the same boy, young Jackson. He had been doing a little radio work and had attracted their attention. And not one of the three knew that the others had mentioned the lad!

At 17 Gordon Jackson gets his chance in "The Foreman Went To France."

Michael Rennie, who stars in "Ships With Wings" and A.T.P.'s "The Big Blockade."

Judy Campbell, fresh from repertory, became a screen leading lady in one of her first films, "Convoy," and has since been featured in other pictures.

Thora Hird, responsible for much comedy in "The Black Sheep of Whitehall," had rather a rough passage before she reached a film port. She is a leading light in a Lancashire repertory company, and it was here that she was spotted for pictures.

Even after being tested Thora nearly failed to make the screen. She was not suitable for the first part for which she was chosen. A role was written for her in another film but, at the last minute, this had to be cut out because it failed to fit in with the rest of the story.

Thora took a third chance—as Will Hay's secretary in "The Black Sheep of Whitehall"—and this time she was successful.

Since then she has made "The Big Blockade," appearing in such company as Michael Redgrave, Robert Morley, Leslie Banks, Will Hay, John Mills, and Alfred Drayton.

"The Big Blockade," which has a short commentary by the editor of "The Evening Standard," Frank Owen, shows the British blockade — Navy, Army, and Air Force—against the Nazis. It carries the approval of the British Ministry of Economic Warfare, and is described as grand entertainment with a thrilling flying climax.

MICHAEL RENNIE is another player who came into films by the hard way. On the day after he made his first scenes in his first picture, "East Meets West," he was looking for a job.

I had seen the rushes of that day's filming and had at once decided that Rennie was far too inexperienced to justify big screen parts.

That was a few years ago when I was in charge of production at the Gaumont-British studios. Rennie had been sent by the casting director because he was good-looking and athletic. He knew nothing of acting, but was given a contract to play small parts and to work as stand-in for players such as Robert Young and John Loder.

To-day Michael Rennie has a featured role in that ambitious film of the Fleet Air Arm, "Ships With Wings." There is a story behind the few years since I fired him and his new success.

He took his setback well, left the studios, and went off to learn his job in repertory. When he felt proficient he came to see me again. I had become production head of Ealing Studios, and we were planning "Ships With Wings."

Rennie was given a test and a promise of a part in the picture. While waiting for this he went on with his repertory work. He also accepted a one-line role in George Formby's "Turned Out Nice Again." He declared that he enjoyed it as he was playing a motor salesman, and this reminded him of the days when he tried to sell cars—without securing a single buyer.

There has been a pause in Rennie's film career. He has joined the R.A.F., but there will be parts awaiting him when the war is over.

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ANDREWS is more than a refreshing health drink and more than a laxative, for it gives you deep-down Inner Cleanliness.

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NEXT **. . . Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity, the chief cause of indigestion.**

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FINALLY **. . . To complete your Inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently clears the bowels. It sweeps away trouble-making poisons, and thoroughly corrects Constipation.**

Andrews is delightfully cooling — the *Inner Cleanliness* it gives makes an amazing difference to your spirits and appearance — *get a supply to-day.*

Handy Size **1/9** Family Size **2/10**

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ANDREWS

LIVER SALT

The Pleasant Effervescing Tonic Laxative

MAKE YOUR BABY'S HAIR GROW CURLY

A Charming Photograph of BABY BOLT

You can give your baby delightfully soft, natural curls quickly and easily, as this mother did. Read what Mrs. Bolt, of Lakemba, says of Curlypet:—"At 8 months my baby had so little hair I was ashamed to take her hat off. After using Curlypet she has grown a beautiful head of lovely curls—everyone admires her hair. At 11 months old she won first prize at Lakemba Baby Show. I recommended Curlypet to a number of others, who got the same results.—(Sgd.) Mrs. Bolt, Lakemba."

Get a 2/9 tube (month's treatment) from your chemist and gently rub Curlypet into your baby's hair—watch how it strengthens the hair and makes it grow thick and beautifully curly.

Be sure you get GENUINE

CURLYPET

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★ **LOOK FOR THE NATURAL OLIVE OIL COLOUR!**

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Scientific HALF-HEAD Tests prove New Shampoo

Thousands Hail Glorifying Action

Proved these 4 Amazing Advantages:
1. Reveals up to 33% more lustre.
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4. Keeps hair's elasticity

TESTS SHOW THRILLING DIFFERENCE: LEFT — Soap washed hair. Hair dulled by "alkali-film." RIGHT—Colinated-washed side. Hair shining, silky-bright

Half the hair washed with Colinated foam—the other with soap, or a powder shampoo, so nothing affected results except the shampoos themselves.

Helps "Perms" Take Faster
In every case, Colinated foam-washed hair requires less steaming time (often as much as 16%) under the wave machine to take a lovely wave.

This lovely brunette model shows the most conclusive test ever made on a shampoo!

A "show-down" test that proved this revolutionary new shampoo discovery gives almost unbelievable results . . . a triumph for this special, patented "Colinating" process . . . and the way it helps leave hair manageable right after washing.

In unique "half-head tests"—one side washed with **Colinated** *foam* and the other half of the hair with soap. And look! . . . 1. The Colinated side, far more lustrous and shining. 2. Felt smoother and silkier. 3. Took better permanent waves, faster. 4. Hair retained more "spring"—fell back into more natural curl.

This revolutionary **Colinated** *foam* is not a soap, not an oil. Yet changes instantly into a magic-cleansing bubble-foam that washes away grease, dirt and loose dandruff more completely than anything you've ever known! No lemon or vinegar rinse needed, for there is no "soap scum" or oily residue to remove!

Make a test yourself—shampoo your hair with **Colinated** *foam* . . . and thrill to your hair's new loveliness! Make a note to ask your chemist, store or hairdresser for **Colinated** *foam* **Shampoo** (costs less than 4d. a shampoo).

Of course I take a laxative

THAT ACCOUNTS FOR MY LOVELY CLEAR SKIN

Do you long to have a lovely clear complexion? Bright eyes? Lots of energy? Then start a course of Beecham's Pills to-day. They are so simple to take, harmless, gentle, yet always effective. Many people keep themselves fit with Beecham's Pills. For over ninety years Beecham's Pills have been the supreme remedy for Constipation, Biliousness, Digestive Upsets and Poor Skin . . . The Golden Rule of Health. You can get Beecham's Pills everywhere.

My laxative is

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Worth a Guinea a Box

The Australian Women's Weekly — Notice to Contributors

Manuscripts and pictures will be considered. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed if the return of the manuscript or picture is desired. Manuscripts and pictures will only be received at sender's risk, and the proprietors of The Australian Women's Weekly will not be responsible in the event of loss.

Prizes: Readers need not claim for prizes unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions the Editor's decision is final.

HIS HERO

1 **CLERK** Remarkable Andrew (William Holden) greets the day, and, by proxy, his girl, Peggy (Ellen Drew), goes punctually to his work.

2 **TROUBLE** at Andrew's office, with shortage in the books, finds his boss, Slocumb (Porter Hall), unconcerned.

Andrew has faith

PARAMOUNT has produced a kind of practical fantasy in "The Remarkable Andrew."

William Holden is Andrew Long, the exemplary young man who, through the agency of crooks at the City Treasury where he works, finds himself in gaol for embezzlement.

Brian Donlevy is General Andrew Jackson. Now Andrew Long has made a hero of this U.S. historical figure. When Andrew's troubles first begin, he goes home one day and is joined by General Jackson in person!

The General is plain-dealing and forthright. He likes Andrew; he wants to help him; and their strange partnership begins.

Although visible only to Andrew—which makes for embarrassingly funny situations—General Jackson is the most unghostly of ghosts.

3 **SENIORS** fix books, Andrew considers dishonestly. Returns home disconsolate, to be joined surprisingly by his hero, General Andrew Jackson (Brian Donlevy).

4 **GENERAL** (1767-1845) scoffs at idea of being dead. Ordering Andrew to remove his boots, the General offers help.

5 **ANDREW** gaoled for alleged embezzlement. Aided by other heroes, General, invisible to all excepting Andrew, effects a rescue.

Actresses display

A touch of sentiment

By BARBARA O'CONNOR in Hollywood

HOLLYWOOD may be full of glamorous women who spend a fortune on clothes. It is also full of very human girls who like a touch of sentiment in their dress—even as you and I.

Marlene Dietrich, for instance, is wearing a "V for Victory" necklace. It consists of the two diamond initials "VV," slung on a dainty chain. The diamonds are far from costly; in fact, this is the most inexpensive and also the most treasured of Dietrich's jewellery.

Again, I met Merle Oberon at the railway station recently—she was just back from a hurried trip to New York—and commented upon her smart, new tailored suit. Merle explained with a smile that it was actually one of her husband's suits made over! She had admired the material so much, and so loudly, that husband Alexander Korda gave in resignedly and sacrificed a Bond Street tailor's art for the sake of peace.

Talking of sacrifice, here is a contrasting story, which has in it no frivolity. Eleanor Powell's most cherished possession, the first pair of dancing slippers she ever wore, has gone to England to be auctioned off to raise money for a bomber. Eleanor was asked by a small village to send an autographed picture of herself for this purpose. She sent the picture and the small, scuffed childhood shoes as well. She has just heard that the auction was a tremendous success. That R.A.F. bomber will soon be on the wing.

And talking of children—Alice Faye (Mrs. Phil Harris) is preparing the nursery for her expected baby. To make sure the nursery will be appropriate for either a boy or a girl, Alice has ordered all blankets, pillowslips, sheets and curtains to come blue on one side, pink on the other.

6 **WEDDING** night. General permits Peggy one glimpse of him as he departs.

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POCKET THE SAVING!

Save on dentifrice too, and pocket the change. You get over ¼-lb. of the finest tooth paste, free from grit and waste, in the large tube of

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE

Every atom does a grand cleaning job. That's why you need less on the brush, and why a tube lasts so long. And it's the *only* dentifrice that contains the antiseptic oils of LISTERINE itself.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Burning Dandruff itch and scaling is a germ infection. Remove the cause, kill the germ with Listerine, the safe Antiseptic.

No more harsh purgatives after 35!

"Shock remedies play havoc"!

Are you taking sledge-hammer blows at your system each morning? Medical sources show that 75% of cases of a certain serious type of ailment, occurring in middle-aged people, are due to the habit of daily dosing with harsh laxatives. These "shock remedies" often seem to relieve constipation. But they never cure. They can't—because they do nothing to correct the *cause* of the trouble—lack of *"bulk"* in your diet.

You MUST have bulk!

For your bowels to function naturally, you must give them "bulk" to work on. "Bulk" is present in raw fruit and uncooked vegetables—but not enough to keep you regular! The safest, most convenient "bulk" of all comes from *Kellogg's All-Bran*. This toasted, nut-sweet breakfast food is specially prepared to give you "bulk" in a concentrated form. It's pleasant to eat, and *more effective* than fruit and vegetables.

Back to normal regularity in a week

Two tablespoonsful of Kellogg's All-Bran served with milk and sugar, provides all the "bulk" you need to give you a free, yet thorough daily elimination. It forms a soft mass in the intestinal tract, where it absorbs water and softens like a sponge. The delicate intestinal muscles are gently massaged so that natural peristaltic action is restored.

Enjoy Kellogg's All-Bran every morning, and within seven days you'll be back to normal . . . in sparkling health again. Get a packet of Kellogg's All-Bran from your grocer to-day, and free yourself of dangerous harsh purgative habit!

Scandal in High Places

Continued from page 12

"I DO not advise you to do so," said Hercule Poirot.

"But these lies have got to be stopped."

"What does your wife say?" asked Poirot.

"She says it is best to take no notice. But I can't do that—everybody is talking."

And then came the small bald announcement in all the papers that Mrs. Ferrier had had a slight nervous breakdown, and had gone to Scotland to recuperate.

Conjectures, rumors—positive information that Mrs. Ferrier was not in Scotland, had never been to Scotland.

Stories, scandalous stories, of where Mrs. Ferrier really was . . .

And again, people talking. The great scandal was the universal topic.

"I tell you Andy saw her. At that frightful place! She was drunk or doped and with an awful Argentine gigolo—Ramon. You know."

More talking.

Mrs. Ferrier had gone off with an Argentine dancer. She had been seen in Paris. She had drugged for years. She drank like a fish.

Slowly the righteous mind of England, at first unbelieving, had hardened against Mrs. Ferrier. Seemed as though there must be something in it. That wasn't the sort of woman to be the Prime Minister's wife.

And then came the camera records.

Mrs. Ferrier, photographed in Paris—lying back in a nightclub, her arm twined familiarly over the shoulder of a dark young man.

Other snapshots, sun-bathing on the beach—her head on the lounge lizard's shoulder. With the simple caption: "Mrs. Ferrier has a good time."

Two days later an action for libel was brought against the X-ray News.

The case for the prosecution was opened by Sir Mortimer Inglewood, K.C. He was dignified and full of righteous indignation. Mrs. Ferrier was the victim of an infamous plot—a plot only to be equalled by the famous case of the Queen's necklace familiar to readers of Alexander Dumas. That plot had been engineered to lower Queen Marie Antoinette in the eyes of the populace. This plot, also, had been engineered to discredit a noble and virtuous lady who was in this country in the position of Caesar's wife.

Sir Mortimer then proceeded to call witnesses.

The first was the Bishop of Churston.

Dr. Henderson, the Bishop of Churston, was one of the best-known figures in the English Church, a man of great saintliness and integrity of character.

He went into the box and swore that between the dates mentioned Mrs. Edward Ferrier had been staying in the palace with himself and his wife. Worn out by her activities in good works, she had been recommended a thorough rest. Her visit had been kept a secret so as to obviate any worry from the Press.

An eminent doctor followed the Bishop and deposed to having ordered Mrs. Ferrier rest and complete absence from worry.

A local general practitioner gave evidence to the effect that he had attended Mrs. Ferrier at the Palace.

The next witness called was Thelma Andersen.

A thrill went round the court when she entered the witness box. Everyone realised at once what a strong resemblance she bore to Mrs. Edward Ferrier.

Since Thelma Andersen was a Dane and did not understand English her evidence was given through an interpreter.

It was of a sensational nature.

She was, she said, a waitress at a cafe in Copenhagen. She had been approached by a man who told her he was an English journalist. He told her that he was employed by a paper called the X-ray News. He explained to her that what he really wanted was to find what he described as a reliable stand-in for a famous English film star.

He told her that she was just the person he was looking for, and he offered her what seemed to her an enormous salary for playing the part of this film star in public for a couple of months. He paid down a sum of money in advance and she accepted with alacrity.

The agreement was that she was to be seen about in certain fashionable spots. Smart clothes were provided, and she admitted that she had thoroughly enjoyed herself.

She had gone to nightclubs in London accompanied by a South American gentleman, and she had been photographed in Paris with this same gentleman. Senor Ramon had always been very respectful to her, and she had been treated with every consideration.

She quite saw that to play the part properly she must pretend. She had seen no harm in it.

In answer to questioning, she declared that the name of Mrs. Ferrier had never been mentioned, and that she had had no idea that it was that lady she was supposed to be understudying. She identified certain photographs which were shown to her as having been taken of her in Paris and on the Riviera.

There was the hall-mark of absolute honesty about Thelma Andersen. She was quite clearly a pleasant but slightly stupid woman. Her distress at the whole thing, now that she understood it, was patent to everyone.

The defence was unconvincing. A frenzied denial. Belief that the photos were genuine. Sir Mortimer's closing speech roused enthusiasm. He described the whole thing as a dastardly political plot, formed to discredit the Prime Minister and his wife. All sympathy would be extended to Mrs. Ferrier.

The verdict, a foregone conclusion, was given amidst unparalleled scenes. Damages were assessed at an enormous figure. As Mrs. Ferrier and her husband and father left the court they were greeted by the appreciative roars of a vast crowd.

EDWARD FERRIER grasped Poirot warmly by the hand.

"I thank you, Monsieur Poirot, a thousand times," he said. "Well, that finishes the X-ray News. They're wiped out completely. What a dastardly plot, though. They nearly got away with it. What on earth made you think of looking in a cafe in Denmark?"

Poirot said: "Mrs. Ferrier's grandmother was a Dane. She is distinctly of a Danish type. If a double was wanted, that was the best place to look for it—with the additional safeguard that the girl would not be able to speak or read English and so would not get wise to what was going on."

"All the same, said Edward Ferrier, "it was a stroke of genius to unravel the whole thing."

"It is an old idea—not original," said Poirot. "As counsel said in court, Marie Antoinette was impersonated in Jeanne de la Motte's plot to gain possession of Cardinal de Rohan's necklace, and the impersonation was successful.

"Modernise that. What is the greatest force of nature? Sex, is it not? It is the sex angle that sells stories, that makes news. Give people scandal allied to sex and it appeals far more than any mere political chicanery or fraud.

"Eh bien, that was my task. A journalistic friend of mine aided me. He searched Denmark until he found a suitable person to attempt the impersonation. Casually mentioned the X-ray News to her, hoping the name would remain in her mind. It did.

"And so, what happened? Mud—a great deal of mud. Caesar's wife is bespattered with it. Far more interesting to everybody than any political scandal. And the result—the denouement? The reaction? Virtue vindicated! The pure woman cleared! A great tide of romance and sentiment sweeping over the public.

"If all the newspapers in the country publish the news of John Hammett's defalcations now, no one will believe it. It will be put down as another political plot to discredit the Government."

Edward Ferrier took a deep breath.

"You are an amazing man, Monsieur Poirot—I think—rather a dangerous man."

He turned to his wife.

"Dagmar, did you—know all along?"

"Of course, dear," said Dagmar Ferrier.

She smiled at Hercule Poirot and at her husband. She took up her knitting and began to knit.

(Copyright)

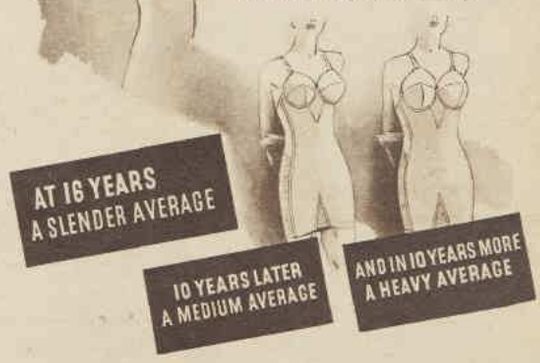
She needs a foundation NOW

-not 20 years hence

It is 14 years since Berlei, by the scientific analysis of 6,000 women's figures, discovered the facts that can give today's maiden a good figure *for life*. One fact that came to light is that figure-faults develop very early. The mere habit of standing weight-on-heels can cause a slim and lovely girl to

develop faults in line and posture that are afterwards hard to eradicate. What is lost can never be entirely regained. A simple, friendly examination by the Berlei-trained expert at your own store will tell you NOW just how much correction your figure needs to remain attractive for life. It will probably be little, indeed, if you are under 20 but, however little, it can affect your future happiness.

Even as your figure matures you can keep its shapeliness—with the aid of skilful corsetry.



Long before their Measurement Survey of 1926-7, Berlei were compiling records of the effect of time on women's figures. Since then, literally hundreds of thousands of women of all ages have been measured. Here are FACTS that should interest you.

A youthful bust-line can be preserved up to the age of 40, even to 50 and after, by simple care and the wearing of correct brassieres.

Each figure-type needs specially designed foundations. Perfect fit is assured only when foundations are designed true-to-type, as all Berleis are.

Modern lightweight Berleis give marvellous control and support, without a hint of that heavy "corseted" look.

WEAR A TRUE-TO-TYPE Berlei

THE FOUNDATION OF BEAUTY

6-2c-41

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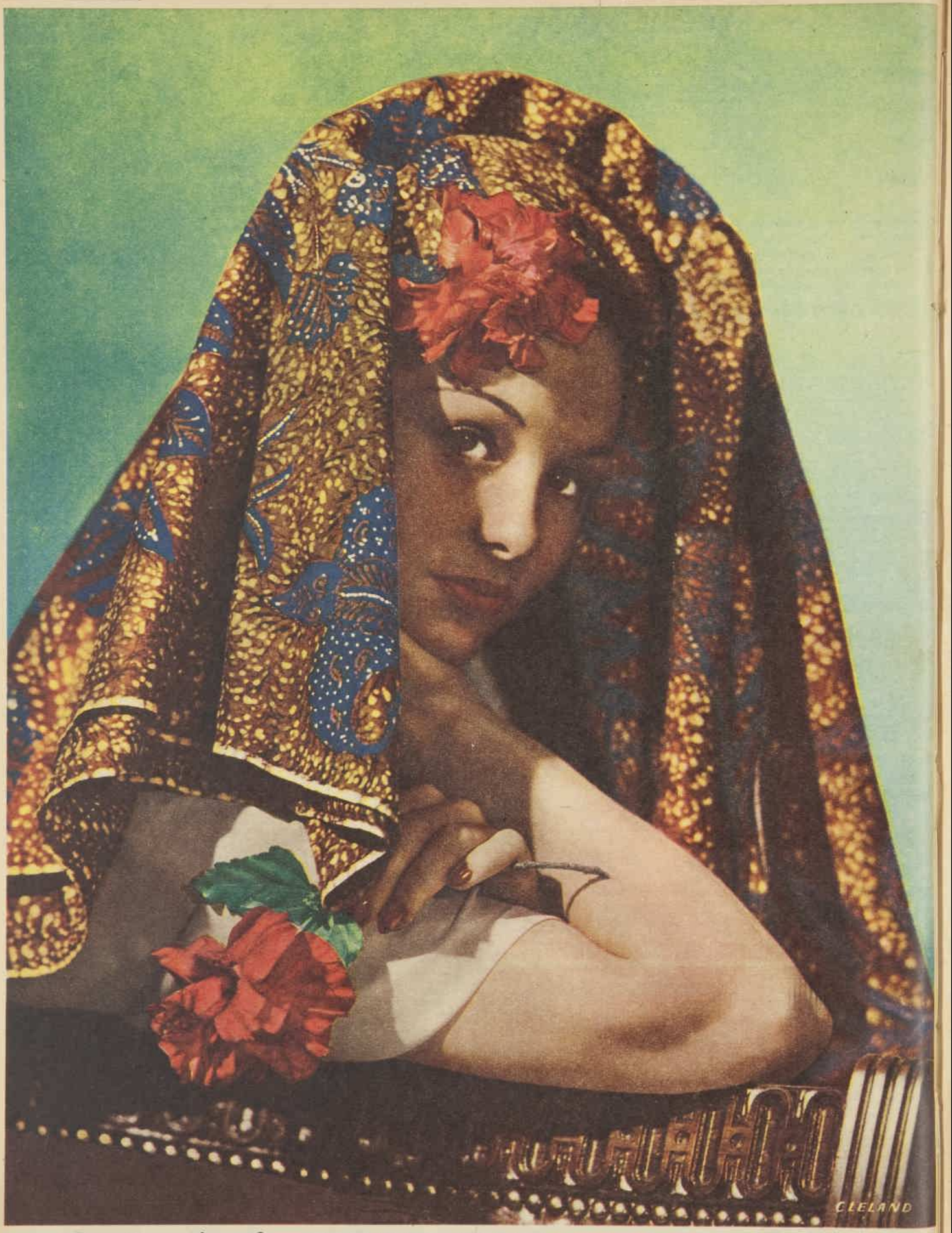

Colorful HEAD-DRESSES

● **BALINESE** design in a silk reproduction of the lovely hand-blocked cotton prints of the Indies. This one is worn in a style adapted from that of the native men of Bali.

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● **JAVANESE** hat is artistically woven from dyed leaves of native palms. (Above.)

● **INDIAN** sari, the last of its six supple draped yards framing the face. (Left.)

● **CHINESE** coolie hat, the pointed crown reminiscent of the strange temples of Asia. It is a natural-colored basket-weave, lattice-woven over an interlining of varnished strips of attap palm. The sun hasn't a chance to strike through.

● **MELVILLE ISLANDERS** made the elephant-grass mat in the background of this model. Javanese sailors wear the double-straw hat, and the pinafore frock is made from a sarong.

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SO SUITABLE . . .

● Black heavy jersey, with a linen shirt blouse in sugar-almond pink. Vary the blouse in accordance with the occasion and you have a costume to wear morning, noon, and night.

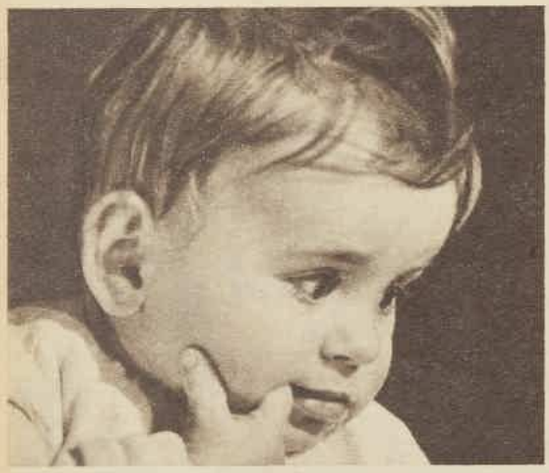
● Lightweight wool linen suit in turquoise has stitching outlining shoulders, cuffs and coat panels. A suit with a minimum of upkeep for the business girl. (Top centre.)

+ + +

● Grey men's wear flannel, the old favorite, has collar and cuffs of red-and-white striped shirting. Wear it with or without a blouse. (Above.)

+ + +

● Plaid jacket in riding-habit design to wear with a skirt or frock as you please. The bold black, red, white, and grey design is ideal for a tall slim figure. (Left.)



"Wish I could talk
AND I'D TELL THEM A THING OR TWO"

"Fancy trying to get me to take castor oil. Why everybody ought to know that Laxettes are best for babies.

"They're great things, these Laxettes. They taste just like delicious chocolates. And they're so mild and gentle that a fellow might easily think they *are* chocolates. And gosh—they're good! They clear up tummy troubles in no time. There's no pain—no griping—no tummy aches. And best of all, a fellow feels *comfortable* afterwards; they don't overact and they bring lasting relief."

Laxettes are the ideal laxative for children. They're mild and safe—free from harsh purgatives and irritants. For wisest buying, ask for the 1/7½d. Standard size, containing 18 tablets. It lasts longer and is the handiest size for every home.

LEND TO DEFENCE Buy WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

LAXETTES
Correct FAULTY ELIMINATION
STANDARD SIZE (18 Tablets) 1/7½d. TRIAL SIZE .. 6½d.

L41-2

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Such a pleasure to wear!

● Fair and youthful ready-to-makes from our Needlework Department.

197

FLATTERING BLOUSE for you.

TAKE the blouse shown left. It's packed with glamor-appeal. Wear it as sketched, or with your new autumn suit.

It comes to you in white, pink, lemon, sky, green, and saxe sheer linen, or white, pink, palest pink, sky, light saxe, gold-dust, mauve and apple-green crepe-de-chine. The pattern and embroidery designs are clearly traced, ready to cut out, machine, and then embroider. Do this in a shade to match the color of chosen material.

Work the dahlias in buttonhole with a french knot for the centre, or an eyelet if desired. You will find this garment very easy to make, and super when finished.

Sizes 32 to 34 inches, price 8/11 complete. 36 and 38 inches, price 9/6 complete. Please add 6d. extra for postage.

Paper pattern only, price 1/7. Embroidery transfer, price 2/- extra.

For your babe

WANT a darling bonnet and coat for your babe? The designs shown below are traced on lovely white, pink, and sky crepe-de-chine, or in white, blue, pink sheer linen.

The pattern is clearly traced, ready to cut out and make up.

To fit babes up to 6 months, crepe-de-chine: Bonnet 3/6, coat 7/11; complete set 11/3. 12 to 18 months, bonnet 3/11, coat 8/11; complete set 12/6.

Sheer Linen: Babes to 6 months—Bonnet 3/9, coat 8/3; complete set 11/6. 12 to 18 months—Bonnet 4/-, coat 8/11; complete set 12/6.

Please add 6½d. extra for postage. Paper patterns, 1/10; transfer 1/6.

195

SEND TO THIS ADDRESS:

Adelaide: Box 388A, G.P.O. Brisbane: Box 409F, G.P.O. Melbourne: Box 185C, G.P.O. Newcastle: Box 41, G.P.O. Perth: Box 491G, G.P.O. Sydney: Box 4088W, G.P.O. If calling, 126 Castlereagh St. Tasmania: Write to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne. New Zealand: Write to Sydney Office.

188

HEARTS AND FLOWERS give a pretty touch to this little frock. Full details given below.

For little girls

THIS dear little frock comes to you in hard-wearing linora in white, cream, blue, lemon, pink, and green—ready to cut out, machine, and then embroider.

You will find this very simple to do. Just cut along the traced lines that form the pattern. All pieces are clearly marked, and full instructions are given. When the machining is completed, finish with embroidery. This is worked in a contrasting color to the material chosen in buttonhole, stem-stitch, and lazy-daisy.

Sizes 2-4 years, price 3/3; 4-6 years, price 3/11; 6-8 years, price 4/6, plus 4d. extra for postage.

Paper pattern only, price 1/4.

Embroidery transfer, 1/6 extra.

Linen frock—indispensable

TOUCHES of easy-to-work embroidery give a cachet to this frock of cruise-linen in white, blue, sunset-pink, geranium, green, tulip, cyclamen, and saxe-blue. Pattern is clearly traced, ready to cut out, machine, and then embroider.

The embroidery should be worked in a deep contrasting shade to material. Work in buttonhole, stem-stitch, and satin-stitch.

Sizes 32 and 34, price 17/11. 36 and 38, price 18/6. Please add 9½d. extra for postage.

Paper pattern only, price 1/7.

Embroidery transfer, price 1/6 extra.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

196

EMBROIDERED POCKETS and revers give gay touch to this frock.

Did you MACLEAN your teeth to-day?

Ah! I see you did

MACLEANS makes yellow teeth white.

MACLEANS tones up the gums . . makes them firm, hard and healthy.

MACLEANS leaves the mouth clean, refreshed, antiseptic.

1/1 and 1/7 PER TUBE

BRITISH TO THE TEETH

FIFTH COLUMNIST AT WORK—

BUT BOB FOUND OUT JUST IN TIME!

THEN HIS OLD SCHOOLMASTER

LATER

"B.O." IS A DANGEROUS FIFTH COLUMNIST!

If you don't watch out, "B.O." will come between you and others — ruining friendships, sabotaging romance. Be on your guard! Use Lifebuoy in your bath or shower. That thick refreshing lather contains a special health ingredient that ends "B.O." Its clean fragrance vanishes as you rinse . . . its protection lasts and lasts.

LIFEBUOY *the one soap specially made to prevent 'B.O.'*

A LEVER PRODUCT

W.30.19

PAIN YOU CAN'T *"Explain"*

★ ***AMAZING ACTEVIN* (anti-spasm) compound Ends Needless Suffering Every Month . . .**

ALREADY five out of every nine women have changed to *Myzone* for better relief of period pain. For *Myzone's* own *actevin* (anti-spasm) compound brings such quick — and more complete and lasting — relief without any "doping."

WHEN you feel you are going mad with those dragging muscular cramps . . . when headache and sick-feeling and that dreadful weakness make you want to sit down and cry . . . let *Myzone* bring you blessed ease.

Just take two Myzone tablets with water, or cup of tea. These wonderful little tablets are absolutely safe, and can show you that normal periods need not ever be painful. Try *Myzone* with your very next "pain." All chemists.

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Outdoor togs

● Now that girls are doing men's jobs in country and city alike, fashion bows all along the line to serviceability. Sketches on this page are inspired by the land girl, who dresses to suit a hard job of work, but sees no reason to lose her charm while she's at it.

● The ever-popular shirt-waist frock with dirndl skirt is interpreted in crisp cotton striped in multi - colored pastels. (Above.)

+ + +

● Heavy knoppe linen in bright yellowish - green for stunningly tailored culottes that are topped by a casual, long-sleeved blouse in lime-green spotted in yellow. (Top right.)

+ + +

● Royal-blue overalls with handy patch pockets are made in sturdy cotton and worn with a daffodil-yellow cotton blouse. (Right.)

+ + +

● Vivid, rusty-red sheer wool suit is worn with a lime-green blouse and a beige hooded cape lined with a bright plaid to tone. (Extreme right.)

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You Can Get Quick Relief From Tired Eyes

EYES OVERWORKED? Do they smart and burn? Just put two drops of **Murine** in each eye. Right away its *six extra ingredients* start to *cleanse and soothe* You get—

QUICK RELIEF! **Murine** washes away irritation. Your eyes feel *refreshed*. **Murine** is *alkaline*—pure and gentle. It helps thousands—start to-day to let it help you, too.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

SOOTHES · CLEANSES · REFRESHES

My Husband Couldn't Believe His Eyes!

He says I look 10 years younger

THIS IS HOW I DID IT

"IT seems just like a miracle," were John's own words. Only two months ago I had lines on my forehead, around my eyes and mouth —I looked *very* definitely 'middle-aged'. To-day all my friends admire my unlined girlish skin and clear complexion. I use Crème Tokalon Biocel every night. It contains 'Biocel', the amazing vital youth element — the discovery of a famous University Professor. During the day I use Crème Tokalon (Vanishing) to make skin clear and smooth, free from blackheads and enlarged pores. Obtainable at all Chemists and Stores.

More than Coronets

Continued from page 6

"I SEEM to be getting low. Hurry the laundry up a bit, Daphne."

She felt terribly guilty. The shirts were not at the laundry; they were lying at the bottom of the linen-basket. The housekeeping money just wouldn't stretch this week.

"I must do them myself," she thought, and according to the advertisements it wouldn't be so bad. She got busy, but in spite of the light-hearted directions on the packet of soap flakes, to Daphne, in her inexperience, it seemed a long and back-aching job.

At last they were done, and as she pegged the final one on the discreet little line at the bottom of the garden she felt suddenly very queer.

"Good heavens, I'm going to faint," she thought, and sat down swiftly on an upturned box and held her head in her hands.

A voice from the other side of the fence said: "Are you all right?"

Daphne looked up and the world side-slipped a bit.

"I don't know. I feel very odd," she said.

There was the sound of scuffling, a slim leg was swung over the top of the fence, and in a second a pretty girl about her own age stood beside her. Daphne found herself guided back to the house, pushed into the kitchen chair, and in a few minutes a cup of tea was thrust into her hands.

She sipped it, gratefully, saying, "I feel better now, thanks."

The girl before her smiled.

"Good, I suppose you had practically no breakfast, and did all that washing. No wonder you felt queer."

"How did you know?" asked Daphne.

"Because I used to do the same silly things myself until I grew wise." She sat on the kitchen table, swinging her legs.

"Your husband is in the A.F.S., isn't he? Mine's A.R.P., so we're both in the three-pounds-a-week boat."

Daphne gasped. This girl was actually quite cheerful about it.

"How on earth do you manage?" she asked. "I can't."

"Neither could I," the girl declared, "until I worked out the whole thing from a practical point of view. This I decided was my own personal little bit towards winning the war. To help my husband, who was doing his bit, I would fight a campaign in the house. It's surprising what you can do when your mind is absolutely set. Perhaps we can help each other," she suggested tactfully.

Daphne blessed the day when Meg Turner put her pretty face over the fence. It was Meg to whom she turned for help and advice; Meg who had suggestions for making one shilling do the work of two; and there grew up between them a friendship that was real and true, because it was stripped of all pretence and all sophisticated trimmings. What a difference from the so-called friends of her old set, not one of whom had been to see her since Nick had lost his job.

Gradually day by day the house began to respond to the routine she had planned with Meg's help, the cooking stove lost some of its terrors, and the housekeeping money was somehow stretched from Friday to Friday.

She worked harder than she had ever known it was possible to work; each night she went to bed, incredibly early by the old standards, wholesomely tired, and slept like a log until the alarm clamored at seven o'clock. She became the very type that she herself in the old days had laughed to scorn, the house-proud wife.

With Nick, too, she was conscious of a complete change. Before they had been always at the crossroads, each pulling against the other; now they were comrades, marching along the same road together, speaking the same language.

As time crept on, Nick's work became more and more difficult and tiring, and sometimes he would come in from spells of late duty weary to the point of exhaustion. Then Daphne would come downstairs again, and make stimulating hot cups of cocoa. Sipping their drinks, they would talk as Daphne had never thought it possible for two people to talk.

Then one bitter night, when the wind was blowing from the east, she thought she heard him come in, and, shivering, she crept out of bed to make him a sandwich and a hot drink.

But it was not Nick. Instead, a curious crackling sound like a whip-lash made her switch off the lights and pull back the curtains.

The blackness of the night was floodlit with an angry red glow. In the direction of the High Street a fierce fire was raging.

Above the howl of the wind and the crackle of flames she heard a fire engine race past.

Her heart seemed to miss a beat —the A.F.S. would certainly give help, and Nick was on duty.

Feverishly she put on some shoes, wrapped a coat round herself and went out to the front gate, searching the darkness for someone who could give her some news. Two wardens, coming off duty from the post at the far end of the road, passed her and she called out to them.

"Do you know anything about the fire—where is it?" she asked.

"It's the cinema," said one of them. "They'd have got the fire under control in no time if it weren't for this wind. Two firemen have been injured—A.F.S. fellows, I believe."

She was off up the road immediately. Her breath was coming in strangled sobs as she reached the High Street. Somehow she pushed her way through the crowd gathered on the fringe of the pavement.

She heard the clang of the ambulance and saw two stretchers carried carefully into it.

"Nick, Nick!" she screamed.

A figure in uniform turned from the hydrant he was inspecting.

The face was blackened with grime and smoke, the eyes bloodshot and tired—but it was Nick all right. Her heart nearly burst with thankfulness.

"Daphne, go home at once. Do you hear me? Go home at once!" he cried.

"Yes, Nick," she whispered, and somehow she stumbled home. So this was what it was like—this great overwhelming flood of emotion, this fearful elation; this was what it was like to love your husband. She built up the fire and waited.

He came in with the dawn, and as he stood in the doorway she thought she had never seen any man look so tired and dirty, but there was a light in his eyes that she could not fail to recognise.

He held out his arms to her, and in a moment they were clinging to each other.

"Nick, this is for always, isn't it?" said Daphne through her tears.

He pressed her head against his heart.

"Of course it's for always, as I planned."

"As you planned?"

Nick looked guilty.

"Daphne dearest, I've a confession to make. I sort of worked this all out. I wouldn't let you go without a pretty big fight; I loved you so much, I took this chance. We'd enough money and you'd nothing to do. Somehow I'd lost touch with you, we were drifting. I felt helpless. I felt we must get down to real life and the proper way to live, meet real people, do real worth-while things if we were to save our marriage. Then came the war."

"Go on, darling," she said softly.

"Well, the war came and my job went; but I could have got another almost as good. I turned it down and applied for the A.F.S. one. I felt our one chance lay in getting down to the business of living, of pulling together in a common cause. Daphne, forgive me. I've made you work like a galley-slave, but if it has helped us to find each other——"

She laughed, and it was the sweetest sound Nick had ever heard.

"Oh, darling!" she cried. "I'm so happy. What do the means matter as long as the end is achieved? We shan't fail this time, because we're building a new marriage on a foundation of complete trust, loyalty, and such real, deep love."

He drew her close, his lips curved to meet hers.

"It's taken these weeks to win your love—I'll spend the rest of my life keeping it."

(Copyright)

The finest Soap for a lovely baby

Always use Cuticura Soap for baby's bath. See how it comforts and refreshes, leaves his skin glowing with health, soft and velvety. Cuticura Soap is the sure way of purifying and cleansing the skin.

204A

Cuticura SOAP FOR BABY

YOU CAN STOP THAT BACKACHE

But You Must First HELP YOUR KIDNEYS to Flush Out Acid Poisons

Recognise backache as a signal that there is something wrong with your kidneys.

Your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes and filters. Every three minutes all the blood in your body passes through these tubes to be filtered of waste matter and acid poisons. Unless your kidneys remove about 500 grains of dangerous impurities, these tubes become clogged, causing backache, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, lumbago, swollen feet and ankles, puffiness under the eyes, headaches, rheumatic pains and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning also show there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't delay and don't experiment. Go to your chemist or store for DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS. Use them faithfully and give your kidneys the help they need before it is too late. *Millions of users the world over have had quick, satisfying relief.* Do as your neighbor does — take DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS to-day.

The Australian Women's Weekly

£2000 FICTION CONTEST

Entries close: Short Stories, Mar. 31, '42. Serials, September 30, 1942.

A LEVER PRODUCT

Z.29.01.

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None can mistake the signal of distress . . . Resourceful Sue waives decorum. Will she catch a sailor's eye? . . . We'll say she will! But there are distress signals other than nautical ones. Eyestrain headaches, after-dinner stupor, reader's fatigue . . . these are the unmistakable distress signals of poor lighting! Get rid of inefficient light bulbs. Replace them with dependable pre-tested MAZDA of the correct wattage . . . . You'll get more light than with so-called cheap lamps and "they'll stay brighter longer!"

MAZDA

ELECTRIC LAMPS

They Stay Brighter Longer

SOLD BY ELECTRICAL AND HARDWARE STORES AND BY ALL COLES STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

Advertisement of **AUSTRALIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC PROPRIETARY LIMITED.** Distributors for The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd., England.

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LUNCHEON FOR TWO at Romano's. Margaret Dovey and Gough Whitlam, who announce their engagement.

AVIATOR RETURNS HOME. First-Officer V. Lyne is greeted by his wife and daughter Phillipa. He was in flying-boat shot down by Japanese at Koepang.

AT R.A.A.F. DINNER DANCE at Prince's. Mr. Michael Eisdell, who returns from service overseas, with Mrs. Eisdell (right) and Mrs. Jim Ryrie.

Intimate JOTTINGS

AM interested to hear about very private private school being conducted in lovely house which Mrs. Ernest Watt and Mrs. Bill Crossing take at Bowral for duration.

There are lots of young evacuees in Bowral, so the two young matrons decide that schooling can't be neglected.

There are about ten pupils . . . Among them are Jan and Judy Crossing, Susan Watt, Pamela Allsopp, Caroline Levy, Penny Moss, Diana Cohen, and Richard Sheldon . . . and their teacher is Miss C. Plie, who once had a kindergarten at Pt. Piper.

Lessons are mostly outdoors . . . on tennis court.

Ruth Watt, who spends few days in Sydney, says camouflage net-making is her hobby.

• • •

LOVELY bride Betty Maxwell chooses Old-World gown of white broderie anglaise when she marries Bill Kendall at St. Mark's, Darling Point.

Betty is eldest of Mr. Justice Maxwell's three daughters.

Her veil is of white organza falling from tiny crown of French hand-made lilac.

Her sister, Margaret, is bridesmaid . . . as pretty as a picture in gown of pale blue moire and snood of same material.

John Goodwin is best man.

Sixty guests attend reception at Royal Sydney Golf Club.

Only short honeymoon and then young couple settle into charming flat at Gladswood Gardens.

• • •

COMMITTEE members for 2/3rd Pioneer Battalion Comforts Fund have busy day. First there is "Come Buy Chance" market afternoon at Radio Theatre. At 5 p.m. stalls are whipped out of sight and beer and sherry party begins for younger folk.

See Mrs. Nugent Wallman wearing lovely silver filigree bracelet. "A birthday present from Nugent," she tells me . . . An early one, for birthday isn't till April. She comes with her sister, pretty Helen Minnett.

Also see Mrs. Alec Rofe and Kath Noss. Latter's fiance, David Willis, is with battalion.

IT'S life on the land for Nuala Browne these days . . . she's doing all kinds of work on family property at Binalong, so Mrs. Toby Browne tells me . . . her love of cars comes in handy, for one of her jobs is transporting wheat from homestead to railway siding.

Mrs. Browne's son, Lyall, writes "to be continued" to his University course in Veterinary Science . . . he enlists in A.I.F.

• • •

TO Government House for reception Lord and Lady Wakehurst give for recent arrivals from East . . . is first gesture on part of Far East Welfare Committee, of which Lady Wakehurst is president.

Many Sydney folk are invited to meet the strangers, and I see much writing down of addresses and exchanging of telephone numbers . . . Mrs. Hubert Fairfax is particularly busy.

• • •

ATTEND meeting of committee arranging Red Cross Fair at Lady Gowrie Home, Gordon, on April 11 . . . and sit next to Mrs. Ralph Doyle.

She promises to be enthusiastic helper as her brother, Lieutenant Lester Minchin, is a patient there for some time.

Pleasing announcement is made by chairman, Lady Snow . . . donations already total £276/6/6.

CAPTAIN AND MRS. JOHN H. WILLSON leave church after marriage. Bridesmaid is Miss Peggy Bush, and Captain O. K. James is best man.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER. Mrs. F. J. Raymont and Eve Raymont lunch together. Eve announces engagement to Sapper David Smith. Wedding takes place shortly.

THE PRIME MINISTER'S DAUGHTER visits Sydney. Elsie Curtin photographed at Carlton Hotel, where she stays en route to Canberra.

FIANCEE, SISTER, AND WIFE. Miss Yvonne Aiken, Mrs. Pat Hennessy, and Mrs. M. Cornell meet at club for relatives of R.A.A.F. men.

PREMIER AND HIS WIFE. Mr. and Mrs. W. J. McKell are guests at "Stars Come Out" party to raise funds for Netherlands East Indies fighting forces.

Heard Around TOWN

"JUST in throes of fixing mosquito-net to windows," says Mrs. C. R. McKerihan when I talk to her on telephone other day. "We've so many I cannot imagine how I'll manage to do them all," she adds.

Heartily sympathise with her. Till now have always envied grand number of windows in the new home at Rose Bay, but these days too many present terrific problem.

Dawn McKerihan is taking first aid seriously. Is doing course with N.E.S. and sits for first examination.

• • •

ONE day in Sydney for Cynthia Whitfield and ten-months-old daughter Virginia . . . arrive here en route for Adelaide to spend holiday with parents, the Langdon Parsons'.

Cynthia hails from Coorparoo, Brisbane, these days, where she lives to be near her husband, Captain George W' "field, A.A.M.C.

• • •

STAYING at Hotel Australia . . . Mrs. B. Myer and her daughter, Kitty. They arrive from Singapore recently.

AM amused to know that all old clothes and bits and pieces which Mrs. James Gordon (remember, she was Robin Curtis) takes back to Ipswich bring goodly sum at local jumble sale.

Robin writes to say that town is always abuzz with war activities and residents raise hundreds of pounds for war effort.

Also hear that Mrs. John Mesley is living in Melbourne, and Mrs. Bill Osborne, third of that trio of sisters, shortly leaves Sydney with daughter Prudence for Bundarbo, Jugiong.

For some months she stays with her mother, Mrs. George Curtis.

INTERESTING letter for Mrs. Guy Crick from cousin, Flying-Officer Andrew Barr, who just receives D.F.C. in Libya . . . tells her that one of his pals, Flying-Officer Frederick Eggleston, is prisoner of war in Italy. He is son of our Minister in Chungking.

News of decoration is great excitement, of course, for Andrew's wife, former Dorothy Gorr, who lives in Malvern, Melbourne.

• • •

COWRA is new address for Thelma Southwell, of Fern Hill, Canberra. Her marriage to Ewen Mackinnon takes place in Canberra . . .

• • •

MRS. GEOFFREY ASHTON comes down from Markdale, Goulburn, for few days in town . . . says her mother, Mrs. F. W. Thatcher, who is spending long holiday with her, plans to return to Sydney any moment now.

ALL-IMPORTANT question of names for Mrs. Tom Parsons' baby daughter not yet decided . . . Joan goes to Wentworth Falls to stay at family home, Yesta. Sister Lorraine accompanies her and will remain there for two weeks.

Later Mrs. Harry See will join Joan and Lorraine will return to town . . . Two weeks is all she can spare from her work with Scottish V.A.D.'s.

• • •

NONA and Trixie McGirr start new term at Loreto College at Springwood . . . sister Pat commences course of occupational therapy.

Fourth sister, Mrs. Tom Bateman, ponders over problem of evacuation, is undecided whether to go to mountains or family homestead at Oberon.

Betty

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The Red Rose of England

THE soldiers used the farm entrance to the stables and they saw little of them, whilst von Talheim kept very much to himself. He was often absent for days at a time and, when at the chateau, would shut himself up in his own room for hours on end. The war seemed very remote except for the perpetual rumbling of guns on the coast.

To her annoyance, Marie found herself thinking more and more about von Talheim, of what he did with himself in his spare time, whether he was a bachelor or whether a German woman awaited his return when the war was over.

He had never been in her sitting-room since that first summer afternoon when he had arrived.

One morning she ran into him, just as he was going on duty. She noticed with surprise how pale and ill he looked.

"You have a bad cough, mon capitaine."

He smiled, a rather kind, shy smile.

"It is nothing, mademoiselle. The weather is very bitter, is it not?"

"I would have had a fire laid in your room, mon capitaine, but there is no fireplace. We have an oil stove, but we have no oil."

"It is very kind of you, mademoiselle. I appreciate your thought."

He stood aside for her to pass. She took a step, hesitated, and tried to appear casual.

"I do not use my sitting-room much after nine, mon capitaine. I am usually with Berthe in the kitchen. If you care to . . .

She paused. It was very difficult and he did not try to help her out.

"If you care to warm yourself by my fire you are welcome."

She turned sharply on her heel and disappeared.

. . . . . .

November gave place to December with its cold, driving mists from the sea and its gusts of snow. Marie had got into the habit of vacating her sitting-room at nine and helping Berthe tidy the kitchen before going to bed.

One cold evening Marie crept into the kitchen as usual about half-past nine. She knew that he had been using her room on one or two occasions, for the next morning she had noticed a book displaced, or a spent cigarette lying in the ashtray.

Berthe was raking out the fire preparatory to going to bed. Old Pierre dozed in the corner.

"You're putting out the fire early to-night, Berthe."

"We can't afford two fires in this house, as you well know, mademoiselle."

The old lady straightened her back and rested her arms akimbo.

"I've something to say, mademoiselle, and the sooner I get it off my chest the better! I've known you since the day of your birth, and I'm speaking to you as your own dear mother would have spoken. You're a fool, mademoiselle. You're losing your senses. That swine has put a spell on you. You, a Lefevre, giving up your room to a German pig officer." Berthe paused, and moistened her hard, bitter lips.

"There, I've had my say, mademoiselle. You'll forgive an old woman who loves you as dearly as her own."

She tapped Pierre smartly on the back and pushed him out of the kitchen door.

"Good night, mademoiselle."

The clanging door woke Marie from her thoughts. She huddled herself against the dead ashes, for the kitchen was cold. Berthe was right. She was a fool.

She supposed she ought to do something, but what could she do? It was so difficult to undo what she had done, and yet she had done nothing much. Perhaps if she went to the sitting-room he would vacate it. She would tell him that she needed the room as they couldn't afford two fires.

Boldly she turned the handle of the sitting-room door. The room was perfectly still except for the crackling fire.

She switched on the light, thinking he was asleep. She started her speech.

"I'm sorry, mon capitaine . . ." but her voice trailed into silence. He was not asleep. He lay back in her chair which he had drawn close to the fire. His face was deathly pale and his eyes seemed to have sunk right into his head. He was shaking from head to foot.

"You are ill, mon capitaine."

For the moment he did not realise she was there, then he endeavored to struggle to his feet.

"It is nothing, mademoiselle. Just a touch of fever, a legacy from the East."

"It is not right that you should be here, mon capitaine. You should be in bed. I'll get hot-water bottles and a drink."

He noticed with a grin the commanding ring in her voice and the proud little toss of her head.

"As you say, mademoiselle. You'd make a charming nurse." He made no attempt to resist.

She hurried to the kitchen and put wood shavings on the fire. She busied herself with the stone water bottles and heated some milk. She had just started for the cellar to get some cognac when she thought she heard a tap on the kitchen door.

She stopped filling the bottles and stood motionless, listening, the kettle poised in mid-air. Someone was trying the back door. She put down the kettle and crossed the room.

"Who is there?" she asked softly.

"C'est un aviatur anglais." Through the bad French accent she recognised an English voice. An English airman!

"Un moment, monsieur. Just a moment."

She hesitated in the middle of the kitchen, not knowing which way to turn. Von Talheim might enter the room at any minute. She must keep him away at all costs. She piled the bottles and hot drink on a tray and went across to the sitting-room.

Von Talheim awaited her and stood up to take the tray.

"You'll drop it, mon capitaine. See, I'll carry it upstairs for you. Can you walk?"

"Of course, mademoiselle. You are kind."

She put the tray down by his bed, threw back the covers and put in the bottles.

"I've bought some tablets, mon capitaine. Take them before the drink. I hope you'll be better in the morning. Good night."

She hurried from the room before he could reply.

In the hall, she picked up her torch, and opened the kitchen door a few inches.

"Are you there, monsieur?"

He was resting against the doorpost and leaned heavily on her as he tottered into the kitchen.

"But you are wounded!" Across the front of her dress trailed a scarlet ribbon of blood from his left arm which he had buttoned into his jacket.

Gently she helped him into a chair and fanned the fire into a blaze. He was only a lad, she thought tenderly, with his curly hair and pert freckled nose, and of such stuff heroes are made!

She gave him a little cognac and slipped off his flying suit. His clothes were muddy and torn as though he had walked through streams and brambles. He did not seem to care where or how he was, apparently all he wanted was sleep, for, when she returned from calling Berthe, she found him already nodding in the big chair by the fire.

Old Berthe came down the stairs as fast as her rheumatism would let her.

"An English," she muttered. "An English fallen from heaven."

Together they dressed his wound and made him comfortable while he in his schoolboy French and she in her schoolgirl English put his story together.

HE had bailed out three days ago over Brest and for three days and nights had lain hiding in the woods. This evening he saw their house and had determined to approach it when darkness fell.

"We have some German soldiers quartered here," said Marie, struggling with the difficult English tongue.

"The swines are in this very house, at least the ringleader is." Berthe shot Marie a hard look.

"But we can manage, monsieur. I did not catch your name?"

Marie ignored Berthe's questioning gaze.

"My name is Strang. Alan Strang, one time a pilot-officer." He smiled rather ruefully. "If you could hide me for a day or two I'd get back to the coast, maybe I could pick up a boat."

"A day or two is no good," Berthe came in with all her heavy artillery. "It will take a month to heal that arm, mademoiselle. But there's only Pierre and me in the house, if we can keep him from that German."

"La colombier!" said Marie, with a quick gleam of inspiration. "The old stone dovecote in the orchard. They'll never look there and we can bring you food at night."

Continued from page 3

"Who is in this house?" Strang's face grew suddenly serious.

"A Captain Fritz von Talheim," said Marie.

"Then it is better that I give myself up, mademoiselle, if you will be so good as to call him. These Nazi merchants have a nasty habit of inflicting the death penalty on those found sheltering the enemy."

"Monsieur, you are not our enemy!" Gently Marie pushed him back in the chair. "We can hide you quite well. The soldiers are quartered the other side of the house and Captain von Talheim never walks in the orchard. You will be as safe in the dovecote as though you were in England and when you are well you can think of escape."

Between them Marie and Berthe

"Now tell the court how the deceased grabbed your ears and pulled you into that fish bowl."

carried out blankets and bedding, rolls and chocolate and a flask of cognac.

"If we can't come during the day we'll come at night," they told him as they closed the little oak door, but he was so worn out with his trampings that he was asleep even before they left him.

. . . . . .

Three weeks went by and as Strang's wound healed his restlessness increased.

"Hark at them," he would murmur at night, when the low thuddings of bombs could be heard in the evening wind. "I ought to be with them, not cooped up here like a sick puppy."

He began to grow venturesome and one evening Marie found, to her alarm, that he had ventured abroad, dodging the German soldiers, in broad daylight.

"Monsieur Strang, you are very naughty." They were walking in the shrubbery and the cold January moon flung faint shadows across their path. "Wait just one more week and old Pierre will help you to find a boat. He is already inquiring down at St. Vaux."

"Honest, mademoiselle?"

"As you say, honest, Monsieur Strang. He is doing it quietly through his cousin who is a fisherman there. Are you so tired of France that you would leave so quickly?" She teased him as though he were a little brother.

"There is someone in France I would like to stay with for ever." His bold blue eyes conveyed their meaning. She avoided his look and answered him in a light, bantering tone as they retraced their steps to the dovecote.

She had so hoped this would not happen. He was a hero, a friend in trouble in an alien land, but she did not love him. On the other hand she did not wish to hurt him.

"You dream too much, Monsieur Alan." She closed the dovecote door softly and went into the house.

Von Talheim was awaiting her in the sitting-room. Since his illness he seemed to look forward to their nightly chat.

The little silver clock chimed ten.

"You are late, mademoiselle. Your servants went to bed nearly an hour ago and I came to see if I could help, you in the kitchen, but you were not there."

"No, mon capitaine." Just for a second she hesitated. He must never know of Alan Strang. In a few days now he would be free and nothing must spoil their plans. "Hin Tin has puppies and I feed her myself, mon capitaine. They're such sweet fat things I'm afraid I waste a lot of time with them."

He drew up her chair towards the fire.

"I thought you'd been out, mademoiselle. Your hair is ruffled by the wind. You love animals, don't you—animals and flowers?"

"Yes, mon capitaine."

Then he was interested in her. Her heart beat faster and the color flooded her cheeks.

"What is your favorite flower?"

She hesitated, looking deep into the flames.

"That is difficult to say, mon capitaine. I love every flower, but I suppose I like roses best of all."

"The red rose?"

She glanced up quickly and met his eyes.

"Can you read thoughts?"

He shook his head.

"I wish I could, mademoiselle. No, just put it down to my powers of observation. You were wearing a red rose that afternoon I first met you, here in this sitting-room. A red rose for love, mademoiselle."

"A red rose for England, mon capitaine," she jested and the moment she said it she knew she had said the wrong thing.

"That remark was not in the best taste, mademoiselle."

She colored slightly.

"I am sorry, mon capitaine. I forgot you were a German, but you cannot expect me to hate England just as you do. Tell me, what flowers do you have in Germany?"

She prattled on in her gay, inconsequential way and to her great relief she soon heard his cheerful boyish chuckle, and the incident was apparently forgotten.

AS the stable clock chimed nine the next evening, Marie joined Strang in the shrubbery.

"To-night, monsieur, I have great news for you."

"Tell me, mademoiselle, the news. Am I for England?"

Marie nodded.

"To-morrow! Are you pleased?"

He slipped his arm around her waist and crushed her to him.

"You little angel!" His kisses took her breath away. "I'll never forget your kindness and your courage. After the war——"

She struggled free.

"After the war is a long time, monsieur—as I have told you before, there are girls in your own land." Her gay bantering ceased. "Listen, this is the plan."

Quickly she told him what she had arranged with Pierre. He would meet him after nightfall, just as soon as it was safe, and would take him through the fields to St. Vaux. It was a matter of about six miles.

"At St. Vaux you will find Jean Briot, who will help you with a boat. It is risky, monsieur, but it is a chance and I pray you take it."

"You angel!"

Gently she put his arms from her.

"Now I'm for the summer-house, monsieur. I will try to see you tomorrow evening before you go. Remember, I'll be watching for half an hour and then you'd better turn in."

Almost before he was aware of it she had disappeared and he continued his walk alone.

The time passed slowly and to her great relief through the mist she saw Strang's eerie grey form coming down the path. Her vigil was over. She arose, watching for him to turn into the orchard by the side gate.

As she did so a shot rang out, followed by a second, and Strang fell, a soft heap on the moonlit path. Two figures sprang out from the bushes, while a third passed her so closely that he almost brushed her coat. And the third figure was tall, very tall. She recognised von Talheim in the flickering moonlight. She clung to the rotting wood of the summer-house, sick with fear, while this terrible tragedy was enacted before her eyes.

She heard a hoarse German word of command, and the two soldiers marched off into the orchard, leaving von Talheim alone with the Englishman.

She could wait no longer, she must know what had happened to him. Perhaps he still lived. She crept quietly along the grass verge, keeping in the shadows.

STRANG was still alive, for she heard his voice, although it was very faint and he was struggling terribly for breath.

And then, crisply clear through the moonlight, she heard another voice, urgent, insistent. It was von Talheim, and he was speaking English. She could not believe her ears as she waited, crouching in the shadows.

She came from her hiding-place and stood beside them. Strang rallied with a tremendous effort, and smiled grimly. She knelt down and cradled his head against her breast.

"She knows nothing—nothing . . ." He struggled as though to sit up.

"All right, old boy, take it easy, take it easy . . ." Von Talheim seemed almost unaware of her presence. "All right, laddie, I'll see her through . . ."

Marie glanced at Strang. He fell back in her arms, dead. She looked through her tears at von Talheim, kneeling beside her in the moonlight.

"You are English?" she said.

He nodded. He raised the dead man in his arms and motioned for Marie to follow him to the summer-house. Reverently he lay Strang on the old wooden seat and covered him with his cloak.

She turned to face him in the moonlight.

"You killed your own countryman." He nodded again, for the moment he seemed at a loss for words.

"Come, Marie." She noticed with surprise that he was using her Christian name. "Come, Marie," he said. "We must get into the house unseen."

"The french windows," she said. "They are always left ajar for me."

"You have been here every night?" he questioned.

She nodded. She did not know how much Strang had told him before he died.

He closed the french windows quietly and drew the curtains.

"Is Berthe abed?" He was stirring the dying embers into a blaze.

"Yes." Marie stood there, white and trembling with shock. "They always go to bed at nine, and leave this door open for me."

He pulled her chair towards the fire.

"Sit down, Marie, you are a brave woman. I have much to say to you and the time is short."

He glanced at the little silver clock on the mantelpiece.

"We have just two hours until the clock chimes twelve."

"Two hours?"

He nodded, then said gently: "Before he died Strang told me how you had sheltered him, Marie, and how kind you had been to him. You were a brave woman, Marie, for you know the penalty?"

She nodded.

"Were you in love with him?"

"No."

She saw a changed expression on his face.

"You did it to help a friend?"

"I did it to help a brave man escape to his own country. And he would have escaped but for you."

"Listen, Marie." Von Talheim was kneeling by her side, not the von Talheim, the disciplined Nazi who knew no emotion, but a man haggard with worry, who asked for understanding.

"It is a long story, Marie, and we have so little time. My name is Gaunt, John Gaunt, and I am working for England and Free France."

She gasped.

"I am doing a tricky piece of work and you will realise my identity must not be revealed. I received word last night from the German supreme command that British spies were being dropped in the vicinity, and was instructed to picket every road in this neighborhood. Strang left the shrubbery by the far gate and went for a walk down the road."

"Good heavens!" Marie sat motionless, white and tense. "I begged him to take care, mon capitaine."

"Not 'mon capitaine,' Marie. Let's pretend we're in England, just for a short while, call me John."

"Jean!" she smiled through her tears.

He continued his story."

"I had to picket the road, you see, and my men saw him and followed him back to the shrubbery. They challenged him but, of course, he did not reply and they shot him.

Please turn to page 30

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

This part of the year belongs to Piseans — people born anywhere between February 19 and March 21 any year.

IT is a time for these people to make ambitious plans and changes, and use every effort to put such things into desirable effect. Start new enterprises.

It is also a good time for most Cancerians (June 22 to July 23), and Scorpions (October 24 to November 23), and for many Taurians (April 21 to May 22), and Capricornians (December 22 to January 20).

Most Pisceans have an unfortunate habit of imagining themselves unlucky and of developing fears, doubts and moods about the future.

This is not a wise mental attitude to cultivate. Enthusiasm, optimism, confidence and self-assurance are winning cards to hold in the game of life, and the Piscean who can develop such characteristics will soon find that success and happiness seem to come with them.

One strongly unhelpful trait which Pisceans should learn to overcome speedily is that of diffidence and being afraid to venture, or too lazy to do so, yet wanting more than one thing at once. Wise people of this sign will cultivate steadfastness, determination, and go after one goal at a time.

The Daily Diary

UTILISE the following information in your daily affairs. It should prove interesting.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): February 24 (especially near sunrise) and February 28 (best from sunrise to 9 a.m., poor near sunset) favor you slightly.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Quite good for many Taurians now, so plan wisely and work hard particularly on February 26 (morning) and February 27 (after noon). Don't attempt the impossible, but do be progressive and seek promotion and gain.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): Be on guard against unwisdom, adverse changes, obstacles, annoyances, quarrels, laziness and worries at this time. Especially on February 25 (after noon) and on March 3 (worst) right through from early morning to midnight. March 1 and March 2 poor.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Get busy, Cancerians, for you can realise some of your hopes and wishes right now. Make wise plans and then strive to set them in motion. Seek advancements, gains, happiness changes. Especially on February 24 (very fair), February 26 (very good, especially before 10 a.m.), February 27 (possibly best, particularly afternoon and evening), and March 1 (near sunrise).

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Unspectacular for most Leonians now, so keep to routine tasks for best results. February 24 and March 1, sunrise hours, fair.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Look out for opposition, disappointments, partings, conflict and losses now, for there is danger of such. Especially on February 25 (afternoon) (misjudgments or deception), March 1 and 2 (confusion), and March 3, which can be a very difficult day for unwise Virgeans.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): An uneventful week for most Librans. The ordinary ways of life will be best. February 24 just fair.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Don't waste time on February 26, especially before 11 a.m. February 27 (particularly the afternoon and evening), or February 28 (from sunrise to 7 a.m., at latest), for they favor you considerably and much advancement, gain, pleasure, or desired changes are possible. February 24 (particularly before 8 a.m.) should be helpful, too. Be cautious on February 28, after 2 p.m., and all March 1, 2, and 3.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Many difficulties, worries, upsets or delays possible this week which you are wise and patient. February 25 can produce trouble, especially after 3 p.m., so can March 1, 2, and 3 (worst).

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Quite fair for many Capricornians on February 24 but only for unimportant matters. March 1, 2, and 3 can be difficult.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Uneventful days for most Aquarians, excepting for beneficial reactions following conditions set in motion recently. February 24 very fair, February 26 and 27 just fair, March 1, 2, and 3 very poor.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Be ready to advance your own affairs now, for your chances of success are good. Seek promotion, changes, happiness, and other benefits with optimism and determination. Especially on February 26 (best before 10.30 a.m.), February 27 (best from noon onward), and February 28 (but only between sunrise and 7 a.m.). February 25 and March 1, 2, poor, March 3 adverse.

The Australian Women's Weekly presents this series of articles on astrology as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in them. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, is aiding
MR. ROARK: Of the Secret Service, to destroy the Octopus Ring, a gang of spies who have captured
NARDA: Princess of Cockaigne. To save her life Mandrake is forced to join the gang, whose leader is the mysterious
OCTOPUS: Who orders Mandrake to accompany Sonya, one of the gang, while she photographs fortifications of a coastal zone.
Sonya tells the magician that her camera is hidden in her powder compact and that no soldier will ever suspect her.
They pass the military guard and Mandrake is faced with the task of preventing her from taking the pictures. NOW READ ON.

MANDRAKE BOOK No. 2 . . . . On sale at all newsagents . . . . Price 6d

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Continuing . . . River of Doubt

from page 4

IRENE still slept, so he rose softly and went out quietly, so as not to disturb her.

He started down to the river, and at a fork in the trail he turned towards the roar of the falls. After a ten-minute walk, he came upon them suddenly.

Over a sheer white precipice of rock they fell nearly two hundred feet in one brilliant cascade into a stone-edged cauldron that left, on either side, a quiet lagoon. The forest framed it with trees plaited with lianas and flaming with orchids.

And then Mark saw something which drove the beauty from his mind, and left him angry and bitter. For at the base of the precipice, half-hidden beneath tons of loose rock, was a tangled mass of track and cable. To one side an ore-car lay battered almost out of recognition.

A brief examination told the story. This was the two-track ascensor which Irene had described. The wreckers had done a thorough job. They had dynamited the anchors out of the very face of the stone wall. The only means of transferring the ore from the great plateau above the jungle floor lay a twisted mass before him.

He turned away and trudged back along the trail until he met Irene. She was smiling, but the smile vanished when she saw his face.

"Mark! What's wrong?"

He told her about the wrecked lift. "Buried!" he ended savagely. "Blasted out of the rock and buried!"

The color went out of her face. "That ends it!" she sobbed.

"Not if I know it!" raged Mark. "This begins it! How do I get to the top of those falls? You mentioned a goat trail."

"Come on," she said. "I'll show you!"

She ran ahead of him down the trail, and at the fork turned away from the falls. Mark shouldered the bags and followed. Through a thicket of bamboo, then the path narrowed.

Mark was enough of a woodsman to know that while the trail was an old one which the jungle was fast reclaiming for its own, men had been through here not many days ahead of them. The short, spiny underbrush had been hacked away by a machete.

On through a corridor of ferns and palms and clawing brush, interlaced with lianas and morning glories, and begonias and orchids. A hawk rose mewing out of the trees above.

They hit a patch of swampy ground with grass rushes nearly chest-height. For fifty yards their feet sank in ooze, then they stumbled up a slope of open ground and began an upward climb.

Presently the trees were farther apart now, and as the glamor wore out of the early morning the sun burned down from a cloudless sky.

Suddenly as they moved across a clearing towards a welcome patch of thicket, three men stepped into the path and sighted Mark along rifle barrels.

They were a hard-looking trio. The man in the centre was a giant negro, whose body, bare above the waist, gleamed in the sunlight. The other two were short, stocky natives. All were barefoot. They seemed to be waiting for someone.

Mark said: "What do you birds want?"

The big negro glowered. "Nao tenho medo da sua valentia!" he grated.

Irene whispered. "Careful, Mark! He says he's not afraid of you!"

Two other men came running down the path. One was a tousled-headed Indian, the other a blocky negro in faded blue denim and a gold braided cap. He came to a quick stop, staring at the man and the girl.

"Que diablo!" he roared suddenly. "Senhorita!"

Irene gave a strangled cry of relief and ran pell mell towards the man. "O'Reilly!" she screamed.

O'Reilly barked something, and the men lowered their guns. Irene was shaking him by the shoulders, half-crying, half-laughing. The stocky little negro captain grinned his embarrassment.

"Senhorita is pleasant to look upon," he said. He glanced at Mark. "Quem esta ao Senhor?"

Irene smiled wanly. "This is Senhor Crosby, Captain. He is a friend of Dom Ian. He has come to take charge."

O'Reilly let that penetrate for a moment while he fixed the American with an appraising stare.

Mark asked: "What happened to the dock and the cable lift, O'Reilly?"

The dock and ascensor had been destroyed three nights previously, O'Reilly had learned from friendly Indians, by two white men who had flown in by a plane fitted with pontoons. These strangers had distributed liquor and presents among the natives and warned them that the Americanos brought the evil spirits. The white men had also shown the Indians sub-machine guns.

O'Reilly had planned to get down to the falls in time to meet the Almirante Alexandrino, but someone had felled two giant silk-cotton trees across a narrow bend in the river, and he had put his own boat aground trying to avoid them.

"It is ver' ver' bad, Senhor," he concluded.

Mark cursed softly. "Well, let's get going," he suggested.

O'Reilly nodded and took the lead back the way he had come. Mark followed Irene and the three riflemen taking the bags brought up the flank. For all his blocky weight, the skipper was tireless and Mark was relieved when after another half hour's climb they came to the place where O'Reilly's little tug was moored.

It lay in a quiet lagoon to one side of the falls, and no engineer could have designed a more perfect spot for transferring cargo from one height to another.

Leaving Irene explaining to the captain about Ian Dougal, Mark walked over to the edge of the precipice and looked down. Finally, he called O'Reilly.

"Why can't that cable be hoisted up here and reset as it was?" he asked.

The captain examined the rock. "Could be," he admitted. "Tough job, though. Take a crew a couple of weeks anyhow."

"It merely means redrilling," Mark reasoned. "This time we know where everything should go. Who put it up in the first place?"

O'Reilly nodded towards his boat. "My engineer work with Senhor Dougal. He's a ver' good man."

Mark nodded. "Swell! How many men have you got with you?"

O'Reilly frowned. "I got a pilot, a mate, two sailors, an' the engineer an' his two firemen."

"That's seven," Mark said. "Seven men could repair this in under two weeks."

Irene came over while they were talking and stood silent, her arms folded. O'Reilly shook his head vigorously. "We can't wait here two weeks!" he protested. "Those bad men in plane head towards the mine. We be needed there!"

"I know all that," growled Mark. "But we can't ship ore with this elevator lying in a heap at the base of the falls. You leave your seven men here to fix it with enough grub and guns to protect themselves."

O'Reilly demanded: "Who run the boat?"

"That tub's not fifty feet," Mark said. "If you're any kind of a sailor you can handle the deck end for a hundred miles. I'll stoke her." He saw O'Reilly was getting set to object, so he forestalled him. "Come now, Captain," he said grinning. "When I asked Dougal just who in this outfit I could count on, he told me O'Reilly, the African Irishman."

O'Reilly walked away and called his men together. The tug was remarkably well equipped and Mark watched them move off jacks and tackle and tools. From a carefully padlocked chest, O'Reilly doled out several sticks of dynamite and ammunition for their rifles. Irene helped lay out the food.

When the transfer was made, Mark had the engineer explain the idiosyncrasies of the engine while Irene acted as interpreter.

"I hope you know what you're doing," she warned him, when the engineer went ashore. "You're not used to this climate. O'Reilly is opposed to it, too."

Mark said heatedly: "It begins to look as if everyone connected with this outfit is opposed to me. I'm hanged if I understand how Scotty got anything accomplished!"

She flushed. "Ian wasn't just a restless, bull-headed tenderfoot!" She went up to the deck above.

Mark turned back to his engine. He stripped off his shirt and tossed a couple of logs into the fire-box. He was startled to discover that the wood weighed about four times as much as a chunk of pine the equivalent size.

Fortunately steam was already up, so when O'Reilly rang for power, he "twisted her tail."

As the boat moved out of the lagoon into the full force of the current, Mark suddenly understood what he had undertaken. The Little Flower was a glutton for fuel.

After four hours of back-breaking labor, Mark began to see spots before his eyes.

He was too obstinate to ask O'Reilly to slow down, but when his foot slipped off the tread which operated the butterfly doors of the fire-box, he fell against the boilers and seared his shoulder. The pain made him pause.

When he reeled back to the inevitable pile of hardwood, he found O'Reilly standing at the foot of the ladder, watching him.

The negro began to peel off his coat. "Go up on bridge," he suggested. "There's drink waiting for you. I start on this job thirty years ago; can still do it."

Mark grinned sheepishly. "I guess I'm not quite as tough as I thought I was, Captain."

"You'll do," O'Reilly said, and tramped open the fire-doors.

AFTER that, Mark and O'Reilly worked in alternating shifts.

Mark was stoking, late in the evening, when a sudden bellow from O'Reilly brought both himself and Irene hurrying to the helm. O'Reilly let go the helm-spokes with one hand and pointed ahead—at an angry red glow of fire rising over the roof of the forest.

"That's the mine!" he said hoarsely. He spun the wheel, hauling the ship closer to the bank. As they passed the point they could see the flames quite plainly, and above them black plumes of oil-smoke. Then they heard the bark of gun-fire. Irene sobbed aloud.

Mark swore bitterly. "Can't we get any more speed out of this tub?" he fumed.

O'Reilly leaned back and pulled his rifle closer to his side. "Maybe burst boilers," he growled.

Mark jumped for the companionway. "Confound the boilers!" he shouted. "I'm going to pour it to her!"

Mark buttoned down the safety blow-off valve and opened the drafts. Then he tramped apart the butterfly doors and began heaving hardwood into the fire-box.

The steamer rounded a sharp bend in the river and the mine property lay half a mile ahead of them. Mark feverishly covered the grate with a floor of blazing logs.

Then he grabbed up his shirt and revolver and scrambled to the upper deck.

He could see little more than the general layout of the mine. The fire itself appeared off to the north.

"It's the village!" O'Reilly groaned bitterly.

He reached for the whistle lanyard, gave it four quick, savage blasts, and after a minute four more. Lights came bobbing down to the river's edge. Mark sprang forward and grabbed a line.

As O'Reilly swerved the ship alongside the float, he tossed the coil to a native and snubbed his end around a bitt. He ran aft and found that Irene had put the stern line ashore.

O'Reilly jumped to the dock with his rifle.

"Come on!" he shouted to Mark. "We better go fast. It look pretty bad!"

Mark saw Irene glance apprehensively around as though she half-expected someone, then with a short sob run after the negro already scrambling up the path. Mark followed.

Running single file, they rounded the buildings and cut across the clearing towards the forest. But already Mark noticed that the flames had lost their brilliance, and before they had covered a couple of hundred yards there was only a scarlet after-glow limning the tree tops.

They heard the tramp of many feet, and lights bobbed along the trail towards them.

O'Reilly stopped, and set himself squarely in the path, his rifle in both hands. Mark pulled Irene out of the way and ranged alongside the captain. The lanterns moved up until they were twenty paces away, before O'Reilly called:

"O que esta os Senhores fazendo?"

"Que diablo!" a man swore, and shouted in Portuguese. An instant later a couple of dozen men crowded around them. Out of the corner of his eye Mark saw a tall, pleasant-faced young man grab both Irene's hands in his own, and greet her warmly—then O'Reilly was introducing him to Fernandez.

Ignacio Fernandez appeared just under six feet, but the breadth of him was out of all proportion. Slim enough around the waist, it was his massive shoulders that made him seem top-heavy.

"You bring Senhor Dougal back with you?" he wanted to know.

Mark told him how he had last seen the owner in the hospital, and that he had a letter from the old man. Fernandez did not ask for the letter. He seemed preoccupied.

Mark was anxious to go on to the village, but Fernandez shook his head.

"No use," he grunted. "About a dozen homes burn up, but we stopped it. It also destroyed water-tank. That's bad. Men are upset, so it best to leave them alone."

Mark didn't want to be insistent, so he turned back. "We heard shooting," he said. "Did you find who started the fire?"

The foreman scowled at him. "Sniper on hill shoot when we try to fight fire. But you can't chase men through this jungle at night. Some day I catch one of these pigs —" He opened one big hand and slowly squeezed it.

Irene came over. She nodded at the foreman. "Hello, Fernandez," she said to him. "You're having a terrible time, aren't you?"

"Sim, Senhorita," he grunted.

She turned to Mark. "You may as well meet the others now. This is Dave Ligget."

The bookkeeper had an eager manner and a friendly hand-clasp. He acted as though he wanted Mark to like him.

"Sorry we couldn't be at the boat to give you a decent welcome," he apologised. "This infernal back-biting has us on the jump night and day. Irene tells me you hope to straighten it out."

Mark glanced at the girl. She didn't seem pleased by young Ligget's last remark. She was waiting to introduce another man.

"Mark, this is Doctor Wallace."

He liked the doctor at once. Wallace seemed to be the only man in the crowd at his ease. He was a wispy little fellow in rumpled whites, but behind his bifocals his myopic eyes had a friendly twinkle and his voice was quiet and sincere.

"Welcome, young man," he said, shaking hands. "I'm delighted to hear you left that cast-iron Scotchman alive."

The miners were crowding around in a close circle, and the lanterns lighted their dark, sullen features. They were keyed up and looking for trouble. Mark glanced around the circle and found Fernandez watching him with eyes no less hard and unyielding than those of his men.

O'Reilly touched his arm. "We go back to camp," he grunted.

Two men went ahead with lanterns, and the others surged behind. Mark found himself walking with the doctor. He looked around for Irene. She had paired off with young Ligget.

When they reached the edge of the clearing the crowd broke up. Most of the miners headed for the bunkhouse. Fernandez walked over, but Doctor Wallace anticipated him.

"Crosby can sleep over at my place to-night," he said. "We will arrange his quarters to-morrow."

The foreman turned away without speaking. O'Reilly bade Mark a quick boas noites and hurried after the big Portuguese. Ligget nodded cordially.

"I'll see Miss Ames to the Big House," he told Mark. "If I can be of any use to you, I'm always in the office, or in my quarters behind it. Good night."

Please turn to page 30

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

Every day from 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, February 25.—Mr. Edwards and Goodie Reeve—Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, February 26. — Goodie Reeve in "Precious Moments."

FRIDAY, February 27.—"Musical Alphabet."

SATURDAY, February 28.—Goodie Reeve presents "Musical Mysteries."

SUNDAY, March 1.—Highlights from Opera.

MONDAY, March 2.—With the A.I.F. Overseas.

TUESDAY, March 3.—The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reeve in Gems of Melody and Thought.

New Friday night session for 2GB music-lovers

One of the best-known comperes in Sydney, John Dease, will present a new session for music-lovers on Friday nights from 2GB.

"The World's Best in Music" is the title of the programme, which will feature recordings from the exclusive Wide Range library.

THIS new session is only one of the several which are being introduced each Friday to entertain a radio audience increased by the abandonment of the late shopping night.

Another newcomer to Friday night's programme is Dr. Frank Louat. His voice is already well known to radio listeners, and he has the reputation of being one of radio's most forceful commentators on world affairs.

At 9.15 he will present "This Australia."

For those who like radio drama, Friday night offers two outstanding broadcasts. The first is "Red Streak," a half-hour serial of racing thrills, broadcast at eight o'clock. This is followed at 8.30 by "Doctor Mac."

For those interested in world affairs, Friday night offers particularly interesting features.

In addition to Dr. Frank Louat's "This Australia" series, there is "These Names Are News," presented by Mr. A. M. Pooley, at 7.15.

Few men have so encyclopaedic a mind when it comes to world affairs as Mr. A. M. Pooley, and years of travel and journalism have brought him into contact with many of the famous figures in the world to-day.

When a new name comes to the fore in world events, Mr. Pooley can always be depended upon to know the antecedents of this particular person, and place him in his right position on the world's stage.

In addition to "These Names Are News" there is the 2GB War Diary at 10.15, which is also written by Mr. Pooley.

Another session which is of interest to music-lovers is "The Romance of Music," featuring the young American tenor, Donald Novis. Hitherto heard on Thursday nights, this feature has now been transferred to 7.30 p.m. on Friday.

MR. JOHN DEASE

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River of Doubt

Continued from page 28

IRENE looked worn and bedraggled. "Good night, Mark," she said wearily.

Mark said: "See you both to-morrow," and watched them move away.

"This calls for a drink," the doctor said. "Join me?"

Mark nodded glumly. They tramped across the clearing, passing under the tram-trestle, which Wallace explained carried the ore-cars from the working face to the storage bins above the scows, and over to the "hospital." They went through a waiting-room, bare save for a series of low benches around the walls, into the dispensary.

Here the mud walls had been smoothed and painted a glaring white.

The doctor took two measuring glasses out of a closet and a bottle of liquor.

"This is really the only thing of value within a thousand miles of this pest-hole," he explained with a chuckle. "Genuine Scotch! Your health, sir."

He drained the whisky as if it had been plain water, then said: "I'm thinking from the way you eyed that big Portagee and the rest, you're curious about the goin's on around here. Eh, boy?"

Mark revolved his glass slowly. "It's all new to me," he admitted.

"Things have reached a sorry pass," Wallace went on. "We've had more men hurt this last month than in the previous two years. Little things go wrong—here, there and everywhere. A broken arm from a cave-in, a scaffolding goes down, an ore-car jumps the track. Fights. This is the fourth fire so far this month. The wives at the village are kicking. It gets worse."

"What's Fernandez doing about it?" Mark asked.

"Doing? Why, he tries to keep up production. It ought to be a cinch, with the pure ore stickin' right out of the ground waitin' to be picked up. Yet it falls off. Now, mind you, lad, Fernandez is doin' his best! He's the first on the job and the last off it."

"Are the men loyal to him?"

Doctor Wallace nodded briskly. "They've got to be and they are," he said decisively. "I've been in the tropics for forty years—I'm what you might call a tropical tramp—and I've never set eyes on a crummier bunch of thievin' cut-throats in that time. But they're good workers, and it takes a man-killer like that Portagee gorilla to handle them. Don't ever forget that, lad."

Mark put down his empty glass. "I won't. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'd like some sleep."

Wallace picked up the oil lamp. "You can billet in the hospital to-night," he explained. He led the way to a small room across from the dispensary. After making sure the mosquito netting was tucked in under the mattress he paused at the door.

"Now, I'm not one for advice," he said gently, "but as an old campaigner I'd like to see you move slowly.

"Things in the tropics ain't always what they seem. The greenest jungle has the worst snakes. And sometimes the men down here are the same. Good night, young man." He was gone before Mark could comment.

. . . . . .

The strident blast of the mine whistle wakened Mark, and the camp became a place of sounds. Off in the distance he heard the chatter of jack-hammers, men shouted in strange tongues, the scoops of the muckers clanged against the rock, and when a trammer trundled an ore-car over the long trestle the rumble could be felt in the hospital.

"Have breakfast with me," the doctor invited Mark.

As they were eating he said: "I got up early and took care of my patients so I'd be free to show you around. The big Portagee will be busy for a while and I reckoned I could give you the rudiments before you actually got down to business."

Mark nodded. He was grateful, for he understood that Wallace was trying to protect him from blundering into something he knew absolutely nothing about.

When the meal was over, Wallace punched a wide-brimmed panama with a double crown on the back of his head and slipped a small, flat automatic pistol into the hip pocket of his soiled whites. They went out to the centre of the clearing.

"You can get the general lay-out from here," the doctor told him. "This is the centre of everything, so we call it The Plaza." He pointed to the big hill where the men were working.

"There is what it pleases his nibs, Dom Scotty, to refer to as his Phantom Mountain of manganese. Actually, it is a tremendous outcropping of almost pure ore. The reason this mine is so valuable is that this mass is made up largely of two of the higher grade manganese oxides, most of it running over sixty per cent. metallic manganese when pure.

"You're not concerned with the technical details for the moment, but that's what the fight's about." He nudged Mark and pointed to the square cut in the face of the hill.

"That black stuff you see's the ore. The muckers work one day behind the miners. It's this way: the miners spend the day drilling holes in the face of the wall, load 'em with dynamite, and at the end of the day's shift they shoot them. Then the following day the muckers shovel the broken-out ore into the cars, and dump it into the big bin at the head of the trestle. Meanwhile, the miners are drilling for the next blast.

"From the bin at the head of the trestle, the transportation crew—or trammers, as we call 'em here — wheel the ore down to the storage bin at the river front where the scows pick it up. You get that much?"

Mark did, so Wallace pointed out the buildings. "That long rambling mud place," he chuckled, "is called the Big House. That's where Dougal lived and put on some of the best poker parties in the tropics. The long east wing you see at the back he had built for his secretary, Miss Ames.

"That's the office beside it. Ligget and his timekeeper, a Spaniard named Souza, have separate quarters in the rear. Then that other barn you see between the office and the hospital—that's the bunkhouse where the single men and the strawbosses hang out. The majority of the workers live down in the village with their families.

"Now if you like we'll cut through the blacksmith shop and go up on the face."

They walked through the long blacksmith shop where the working tools were kept in temper, then stood on the hillside, watching the men at work. They were a motley crowd, and although most of them were Indian, the black and the brown and the white looked much alike under the grime. The one trait they shared in common was a uniform hardness.

"They're a villainous mob," the doctor ruminated, "and never a week passes without a fight, nor a month without a funeral. I reckon I've dressed more knife wounds than any other quack alive. But I'll tell you this, my boy, and it's the gospel if ever John Wallace spoke it—that the tougher men are, the better they work. If you can control 'em.

"Therein lies the genius of the Portagee Fernandez. He's boss. An' not merely because Ian Dougal said he was, but because he can do any piece of work there is to be done around a mine, and because he can personally whip any man on the place."

"I see," said Mark thoughtfully.

They walked across The Plaza in silence to a raised level dominated by the storehouse and the office. The men they passed greeted the doctor civilly, almost shyly, but they eyed Mark with suspicion. It was as though they were suspending judgment, and Mark was psychic enough to react to the feeling.

When they entered the office, Fernandez was sitting on the edge of a desk, talking to Irene and Ligget. The talk stopped at once.

Irene said: "You'll probably want to use Ian's office, Mark. It's there." She pointed to a closed door. "I'll straighten it up for you." She turned and walked out of the room.

Ligget rose out of his chair. "I've been going over the production sheets with Fernandez," he said. He seemed eager to be friendly. "We've dropped below thirty tons a day."

Mark put one foot on a chair and leaned on his raised knee. "We should be doing three times that, shouldn't we, Fernandez?"

The big Portugese munched a cold cigar across his face. "We expected to average a hundred a day," he admitted.

Ligget patted the work sheet. "A hundred would give Dougal a nice profit," he said, "but we've fallen down badly."

"Scotty wants two hundred tons a day," Mark said. "We'll need that much to hold the concession."

"Two hundred! It can't be done!" said Fernandez.

Mark felt the color rising, but he kept his voice steady. "You men understand mining," he admitted slowly. "I don't. But there are several good reasons why this concession must not lapse. We've got to find a way to speed up production."

"If there was a way," Fernandez grunted laconically, "I'd know it."

"How about more men?" Mark suggested.

The foreman growled. Ligget said hastily: "There isn't room enough on the face for them to work. Getting the men would be simple enough, but there aren't enough tools, either."

Mark turned to Fernandez. "Well, how about it? Haven't you any suggestions?"

Fernandez climbed down off the desk. "Sure," he said heavily. "I suggest you leave the running of the mine to me. They tell me you're a policeman. I don't know what you come up here for, but either you're runnin' this show, or I am." He pivoted on his heel and slammed out of the office.

MARK went into Dougal's office. Irene was going through the file. It was a big room, finished in rough-sawn boards, with a massive window that offered a splendid view of the mine.

"You had a run in with Fernandez?" Irene asked.

Mark nodded glumly. "Couldn't even talk to him," he growled.

Irene came over and stood by the window, looking at him. "Mark, I'm only your secretary now, but I can't help remarking that you have a very direct way of talking. After all, Fernandez has been here a long time."

"I know, I know," Mark snapped impatiently. "I should have stayed home. That's what you all think. Well, let me tell you, I'm here and I'm staying. Now what do you think of that?"

She reddened. "I suppose I should admire your tenacity," she said.

"But you don't," he said. "All right, I'll struggle along somehow."

She stiffened. "My office adjoins this one," she said quietly. "If you want me, just ring." She went out.

Mark spent the afternoon going over the work sheets of the past two years. Ligget came in two or three times offering to be of assistance, but Mark preferred to worry over the books by himself. He found that while the price of the ore jumped almost simultaneously with the start of the European war, production had fallen perceptibly.

But it wasn't until the past four months that it took the big drop. Immediately after the shooting of Ian Dougal, it had sunk to an all time low of twenty-five tons. In the last three weeks it had crawled up to an average of thirty tons a day.

As the light started to fade he got up and stood by the window. He could see the hopelessness of putting more men on the face, for it already seemed crowded. As he watched, the whistle blew.

The men scrambled away, and a moment later there was a dull explosion. The office shook. The whole face—where but a few moments before the miners had been working—seemed to heave out into space. A cloud of white smoke mushroomed against the purple sky, as tons of black ore crumbled to the ground.

The whistle shrilled again, and the men climbed down from the workings.

Mark turned to discover Irene beside him. "I've been going over the production figures. They're certainly optimistic, I don't think!" he said.

Ligget knocked lightly and stuck his head through the doorway. He seemed a little embarrassed to find Mark there.

"Oh, hello," he laughed. "I thought you'd gone, Crosby. I just wanted to ask Irene if she had plans for dinner."

The girl frowned. "Yes, I have, Dave. I'm busy right now."

Ligget stammered an apology and backed out. When the door closed Mark said: "Why didn't you go with him?"

"I didn't want to." She put a slim hand lightly on his arm. "Mark, would you like to walk over to the village with me?"

He looked down at her. In her eyes was a pleading urgency.

"Certainly. Now?"

She nodded. They walked across The Plaza and under the trestle. A sepulchral silence hovered over the mine, like the calm before a storm.

As they entered the murmuring tranquillity of the forest, a great peace settled over Mark. The trees hummed from the gentle evening breeze, and the scent of flowers was sweetly heady.

Irene slipped her arm through his and kept step with him. Neither spoke. Dogs began to bark, and a few moments later the forest ended abruptly and they stepped out into the village.

In this village street there was no worry or haste or urgency. The little mud homes had neither glass nor shades, and light from the windows lay in rectangular patches in the thick dust of the street. Men sat quietly in the doorways, smoking, playing with children.

BREAKING their silence, Mark said: "It doesn't seem quite real, does it?"

She squeezed his arm. "But it is, Mark," she whispered. "It's so very real that when I go to the cities with all the rush and scramble I remember this as the only reality."

He walked in silence, thinking of his own boyhood in Kansas. "When I was a kid," he mused aloud, "my father used to take sis and me to the village on Christmas Eve. Everybody used to leave the shades up that night, and from the sleigh we could look into their homes. I guess I'm a natural Peeping Tom."

They passed the section that had been burned out by the fire—black patches of charred ground, where once homes had stood, then walked back to the forest without speaking. The moon was up. As they came in sight of the mine, with the lights twinkling in the buildings, it seemed like a stage set. A phonograph was playing on O'Reilly's tug.

Crossing The Plaza, Irene whispered, "Mark, you'll be careful in dealing with Fernandez, won't you?"

"Don't worry about Fernandez and me," he said. "Maybe I'm wrong, but I've got a pretty good hunch that I understand him.

"I've known guys like him in lumber-camps, even in schools, up home. They're physically inclined: if you can whip them, they're your friend. I don't suppose a girl can make much sense out of that argument, eh?"

"Men can be so cruel, so terribly brutal!" she said, then added softly: "It was you I was thinking about, Mark—not Fernandez."

"I'll try not to upset the works," he said.

She hesitated. "I wasn't thinking of the property just then," she said softly. "I was thinking about you."

They paused on the porch of the Big House, and looked over the mine. A lamp swinging above found a coppery reflection in her hair. Staring down, he felt drawn towards her. She turned her head and met his eyes. Then she was in his arms, her lips melting against his. Her hands stole around his broad shoulders and cupped his head.

"Oh, Mark," she murmured. "Mark, darling!"

He mumbled something and kissed her again. Then she slipped quickly out of his arms and ran into the house.

He stared at the closed door. Finally he turned away.

It was a pretty good world.

. . . . . .

The world didn't look so good to Mark next morning. When he got down to the office he met Fernandez stalking out, his face dark and glowering. The foreman passed without speaking and headed for the hill.

Ligget was standing by his desk, white-faced and trembling with anger. He said good morning to Mark and turned back to his desk without offering any explanation. Mark went into Dougal's office. Before he was seated, the crash came!

To be continued

The Red Rose of England

Continued from page 26

"THAT'S the filthy part of espionage," he said, as though talking to himself. "Lest your own identity should be revealed you carry out the enemy's orders unquestioningly and murder a fellow countryman in cold blood—such is the price of duty. Had I neglected to picket the roads they would have grown suspicious."

Marie rose and took his cold hand in hers and held it close against her breast. "I know how you feel. It is not your fault."

He folded her in his arms, gently as a child.

"My little Marie," he said. "This is a strange time to talk of love. I fell in love with you that afternoon when I first met you, and you were wearing a red rose. Remember?"

She snuggled closer to him.

"If this tragedy had never happened I should not have spoken to you until the war was over and I could have come to you in my true name. But to-night has altered that. I have found you, only to lose you again."

"I will never leave you, Jean." She shook her head defiantly.

"You must leave me in an hour's time, my darling. To-morrow there will be a hue and cry for you when I have to announce Strang's death. And the penalty for harboring an enemy is death."

She trembled in his arms.

"I'm so frightened for you, Jean. It's not for myself."

He drew her gently into the old armchair.

"I'm all right, my darling, but we've got to get you away. Have you relations? Anywhere you can shelter in occupied France?"

"I have an aunt at Marseilles. But I cannot leave you."

He took his handkerchief and wiped away her tears.

"Cheer up, my little love, the war won't last for ever. I myself will drive you to the railway centre of Mennes. I have a pass and should we be stopped by a picket I can bluff them I'm seeing a lady home. Do you know Mennes?"

"I know Mennes," she repeated listlessly.

"At the kiosk by the station is a little old man who stoops. His name is Francois. We should be there by daybreak and I shall have to leave you in the market place. Go to Francois and say: 'The snowdrops are out this morning.' He will find means of getting you to Marseilles. Can you remember that?"

He bent down and lifted her cold little face to his.

"Marie, my brave little darling, can't you do this for me?"

She flung her arms round his neck and broke into deep sobs.

Gently he raised her face to his and kissed her as he had wanted to that summer's night six months ago.

The little silver clock ticked on. The jingling chimes awoke them from their day dreams. It was twelve o'clock.

Marie straightened her hair and slipped from his knee, a new Marie with courage and hope shining in her eyes.

"How long will the war last, Jean?" She touched the dying embers with her shoe.

"That I cannot say, my darling." He had drawn himself to his full height and stood towering above her. "But there's one thing I do know and that is that this is au revoir and not adieu. Just as soon as the war is over I shall come for you, my Marie, and you shall, in the meantime, hear from me from time to time."

"Jean, my darling, I shall watch for your letters all day."

"No, my sweet." He shook his head. He too was smiling now, his old, half-confident, half-shy smile. "No letters. It would never be safe for a German officer to write to a French girl—the letters would be tampered with. No, not a letter, but you will get my message at odd times and in odd ways, and you'll know that I'm thinking of you and praying for our meeting. Can you guess?"

She wrinkled her brows.

"No letter?"

"No, Marie, just a red rose — the red rose of England."

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Printed and published by Consolidated Press Ltd., 168-174 Castlereagh St., Sydney.

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More delightful glimpses . . .

RED CROSS DREAM HOME

LAST week, colorful sketches of the living and dining rooms, girl's bedroom, and view from the terrace were shown . . . Now you see four more charmingly-furnished rooms from the glorious £5000 home which, as you know, has been given to the Red Cross by The Australian Women's Weekly.

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

Main Bedroom: Exquisite taste is evidenced in the planning of this lovely room, section of which is shown above. The twin beds have padded bedheads. The removable covers are made of the same damask that fashions spreads and dressing - table flounce.

Breakfast Alcove: The perfect setting for brighter breakfasts is shown right. Opening directly off model kitchen, multiple windows frame enchanting views. Makes ideal sunroom, too.

Boy's Room: Furnished brightly and yet with tailor-like precision, this bedroom, illustrated below, will set every lad's heart a'yearning. Homework wouldn't be a bore in a spot like this!

Entrance Hall: The graceful stairway leading from spacious hall to the rooms above is shown lower right. Doors also open into living-room, to paved patio, cloak-room, and the passage to garage.

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Her eyes said "CHARM" but her hands said "CHAR"

HINDS WANTED!

BUY LARGE SIZE (2/2)
Four times the quantity for only twice the price of small size (1/1)

LAST THING EVERY NIGHT

"Damp-set" YOUR HAIR

"Sea Serenade"
Style by Buckingham's Sydney Salon

IN THRILLING WAVES AND SOFT-MOULDED CURLS!

Now you can have hair groomed to perfection the whole week through! *Damp-setting*, Hollywood's hair secret, enables you to keep your hair in sparkling waves and lovely curls . . . perfectly groomed for all occasions.

THREE EASY STEPS . . . 1. Run a wet comb through your hair to damp it. 2. Brush *a few drops* of VELMOL through the hair, and 3. Arrange waves and curls with fingers and comb.

What a glorious change *damp-setting* makes in dull unruly hair! Instantly revives your wave. Hair becomes lustrous and silky-soft—never stiff or "oily"! *Damp-set* with VELMOL regularly to keep your hair-style "salon-fresh." Ask for VELMOL, at chemist, store, hairdresser. A bottle lasts months.

IRON OUT THE LINES!

● Use your finger-tips to banish wrinkles, tone-up the muscles, and bring new life and beauty to your skin . . .

—Says Our Beauty Expert

MASSAGE, correctly carried out, is not only beneficial to the outer skin, but also has an invigorating effect on the underlying muscles.

On the other hand, incorrect facial massage can stretch the skin. That is why it is so necessary to use light upward and outward movements.

Before attempting massage, remove every vestige of make-up and grime from the skin.

For cleansing, use cleansing cream or a good soap and warm water and see that your hands are clean as well.

Dry the skin thoroughly and grease the face well with a greasy cream.

Before greasing the skin, however, brush your hair back and fold a towel around your head and pin or tie securely.

First, stimulate circulation and soften the muscles and tissues by placing the first three fingers on the face and moving them all together in a circular motion all over the cheeks, forehead and neck.

Now, starting at the point of the chin, run up the jawline to the ears, using a gentle pinching movement with thumb and first two fingers. Use both hands for this. Don't stretch or drag skin.

Then, using the finger-tips in a circular motion, run from the corner of the mouth up the cheeks to the base of the temple. Feather-light movements, mind you.

Now the same movements, working from the nose lines up to the temple. You can also use pinching movements up and along the upper jaw as demonstrated in the lower picture on this page. This shows the thumb and first two fingers at work, which is really very effective. Remember, no pulling or stretching of skin.

Continuing the good work, run up the temple from the ear on either side, rotating motion of course. Now tackle the forehead. Commencing at the top of the nose, run up to the roots of the hair and work fanwise over the forehead.

Next the eyes. Go very, very gently here. Using the third finger of each hand, tap as if using a feather around the closed eyes. Commence from the outer corners of the eyes and work inwards over the eyelids and back.

Each specific movement should be repeated at least six times. And just as important to remember is that massage should be carried out regularly. Three times a week at least to be entirely effective.

After the massage is completed, wipe off gently with tissues any excess grease.

You will feel pleased with the result and your skin will thank you gratefully.

HER SKIN is as smooth as satin—Peggy Diggins, Warner Bros. player. And as young as she is, Peggy uses her own fair hands to keep her skin firm and lovely with gentle massage.

TO STIMULATE MUSCLES take the flesh gently between fingers and "pinch," as shown; along the jawline to the hairline at temples.

First aid in an emergency

By MEDICO

WHAT would you do in an emergency? Would you render first aid or "worst" aid? Here are some general safety hints for you to follow. Paste them on cardboard; keep in a handy place.

Fainting: Lay patient down flat on the floor without a pillow. Keep there until pulse is normal. Stimulants such as alcohol are dangerous. Smelling salts aren't much good.

Bleeding: Bleeding generally can be stopped by applying a pad of clean linen (even a freshly-laundered handkerchief) over the wound and bandaging it to the limb. If this does not succeed and if the blood is bright red and comes in spurts apply a ligature. For this purpose, a necktie or piece of strong material can be used. Tie it between the wound and the heart. Twist it up tight with a piece of wood like a pencil. The limb should go white. If it remains blue it is not tight enough. Get a doctor immediately. Loosen ligature for a few moments every 15 to 20 minutes.

The ligature should be loosened very, very gently and, of course, tightened again very slowly.

If done swiftly result may be disastrous.

Fractures: Do not move the patient until the broken limb is firmly supported by a splint. A fractured bone has two jagged ends. Immediate treatment consists in keeping these two ends together (thus saving the patient much pain) and preventing the ends of the bones from tearing the skin and muscle from the inside.

Burns: The best first-aid treatment for all burns is a tannic acid jelly. A tube or bottle should be in every home. Even wet compresses of very strong tea are soothing. Fat, oil, kerosene, picric acid, and flour are out of date, and make subsequent surgical treatment difficult.

N.B.: If there is no tannic acid jelly in the home immerse injured spot in lukewarm water to which a little bicarbonate of soda has been added. Use a level teaspoon to 1 quart of water and test water temperature with elbow.

Electric Shock: Immediately free patient from contact with live wire, using a dry stick or other dry non-conducting material, such as clothing or rope. Avoid using metal or damp material to free patient. Do not stand on damp ground when freeing patient.

If breathing cannot be discerned, commence artificial respiration at once.

Send for a doctor. Treat burns. Stimulants should not be given.

Eyes: For eye irritation, or eye burns, use castor oil. Cinders, emery or grit can be removed from the eye with a wet camel-hair brush or wet point made of blotting paper; then drop castor oil freely into lower lid.

Hysteria: In real cases of mental shock, sympathy should be shown. Keep patient warm.

When giving first aid, remember—keep cool, and do the most necessary thing first.

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ARISTOCRATIC LEGS . . . .

All the smartness and luxury of sheer stockings in a smooth cream! Apply it in two minutes . . . draw the pencilled "seam-line" and only touch will reveal the illusion! A Cyclax product and the best you can buy. Price 7/9 per jar, with pencil (sufficient for one month). In three Tan shades and grey.

Cyclax
OF LONDON

'STOCKINGLESS'
(Registered Trade Mark)
CREAM

SYDNEY: Farmer & Company, Anthony Hordern's; M'BOURNE & ADELAIDE: The Myer Emporium and at other First-Class Stores throughout Australia.

Not only different to look at . . .

Quite apart from its glorious transparency, Pears is a most distinctive soap. Its fragrance is delicate, its lather silky. There are no short cuts in making a soap like this . . . it takes months of mellowing and maturing to produce a soap like Pears.

Pears
ORIGINAL TRANSPARENT SOAP

10 257 33

FORD PILLS have reduced me from 11 st. 2 lbs. to 8 st. 13 lbs., and I haven't had indigestion or constipation since I started taking them each day. People say I look too young to be the mother of 3 children.

Ford Pills are marvellous for Indigestion, Constipation, Stomach Trouble, Rheumatism and Overweight.

They contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit to keep you well in Nature's way.

Start a course of Ford Pills to-day.

Get Ford Pills in the new Red-and-Gold unbreakable tubes. 2/7½ and 12½d. Everywhere. Note: 2/7½ tubes hold more than three times 12½d. tubes.

F.P.18

FORD PILLS

HERE'S INSPIRATION for the scores of gardeners who are sinking wells. If you feel like it, copy this well-top for a picturesque finish.

Capture color and fragrance . . .

GROW SWEET-PEAS

● Choose a spot where they will get plenty of sun, prepare soil as set forth in this article, plant seeds six inches apart and you'll have a glorious show.
—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

NOW is the time for sowing seed. Prepare soil thoroughly, digging a trench 2ft. wide and at least 2ft. deep. Toss plenty of well-decayed manure into the trench, mix in some soil, and if of light character add cow manure and some bonedust.

One thing the sweet-pea must have in plenty is phosphoric acid, and this is best applied in the form of bonedust, superphosphate, or blood and bone. Good drainage is necessary, and if the soil is heavy add some sand.

If the soil has been standing for a long time without being cultivated, lime heavily first, and then dig in well, applying the manure at least a month later.

In the top spit (surface soil 10 inches deep) add leaf-mould, more decayed manure, and some sulphate of potash or wood ash, and mix thoroughly.

Let the soil settle and become firm before attempting to sow seed, and either soak seed for 24 hours or give each seed a slight cut with a razor blade to hasten germination.

Sow the seed six inches apart at least, not an inch or two apart as is usually done.

Plant seeds at least 1½ inches deep with light soil that will not form a hard crust when dry. If they all come up thin out to 12 inches apart, and pinch out the tops when they are about 8 inches tall.

This pinching back induces shrubbiness and is essential if the gardener requires sturdy plants of medium height that will carry plenty of long-stemmed flowers. It is advisable, too, to cover the seed-bed with a screen of close-mesh wire-netting, as most birds are fond of young sweet-peas and pick off the succulent leaves and sprouts as they appear.

As soon as they have formed nice, shrubby little plants, start to feed them with a mulching of well-decayed manure or leaf-mould. Water carefully throughout the season, and do not spray the plants continually with the hose or can, for the plants are allergic to mildew—a fungus disease. If the plants show signs of mildew, dust with sulphur or spray with colloidal sulphur.

Place small twigs near the plants to allow them to reach the wire-netting or trellis above them, and pay regular attention to the training of the plants on the trellis. Do not allow them to become hopelessly tangled or too thick, or the flower stems will become entangled with the tendrils and wire, and many will be spoiled.

Thin laterals out occasionally if you are aiming at the production of exhibition blooms. Disbud vines if they produce precocious flowers low down, endeavoring at all times to force the vines to grow to about 5ft., at which height the biggest flowers on the longest stems are produced.

During dry seasons loosen the soil along both sides of the rows (if possible), and, when watering, place the hose on the ground and let the water flow gently and soak in alongside.

For young wives and mothers

TRUBY KING SYSTEM

Management of twins

IT is to be expected that the mother of twins often feels quite overwhelmed with the responsibility of having two babies to manage. However, if a careful plan is worked out from the beginning and it is possible for the mother to breast-feed her babies, the problem is minimised.

A leaflet dealing with the management of these fascinating little folk has been prepared by The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, and a copy will be forwarded free if a request with an enclosed stamped addressed envelope is forwarded to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4098WW, G.P.O., Sydney. Please endorse your envelope "Mothercraft."

TWENTY POUNDS (avoirdupois) of adorableness . . . Suzanne Irene Simpson, of Drummoyne, looks out on a troubled world with untroubled eyes. But then, she is only six months old!

ODO-RO-NO
Ends
Perspiration

Two kinds: REGULAR—the surest INSTANT—the milder

Sometimes women try short cuts to personal grooming. It is tempting, yes, but they always come back to Odorono. Used and recommended by doctors to stop perspiration in small areas, it is the only sure end to perspiration and underarm odour. Itself odourless it leaves no greasy residue and odour on your clothing.

1/1, 2/1 and 3/6

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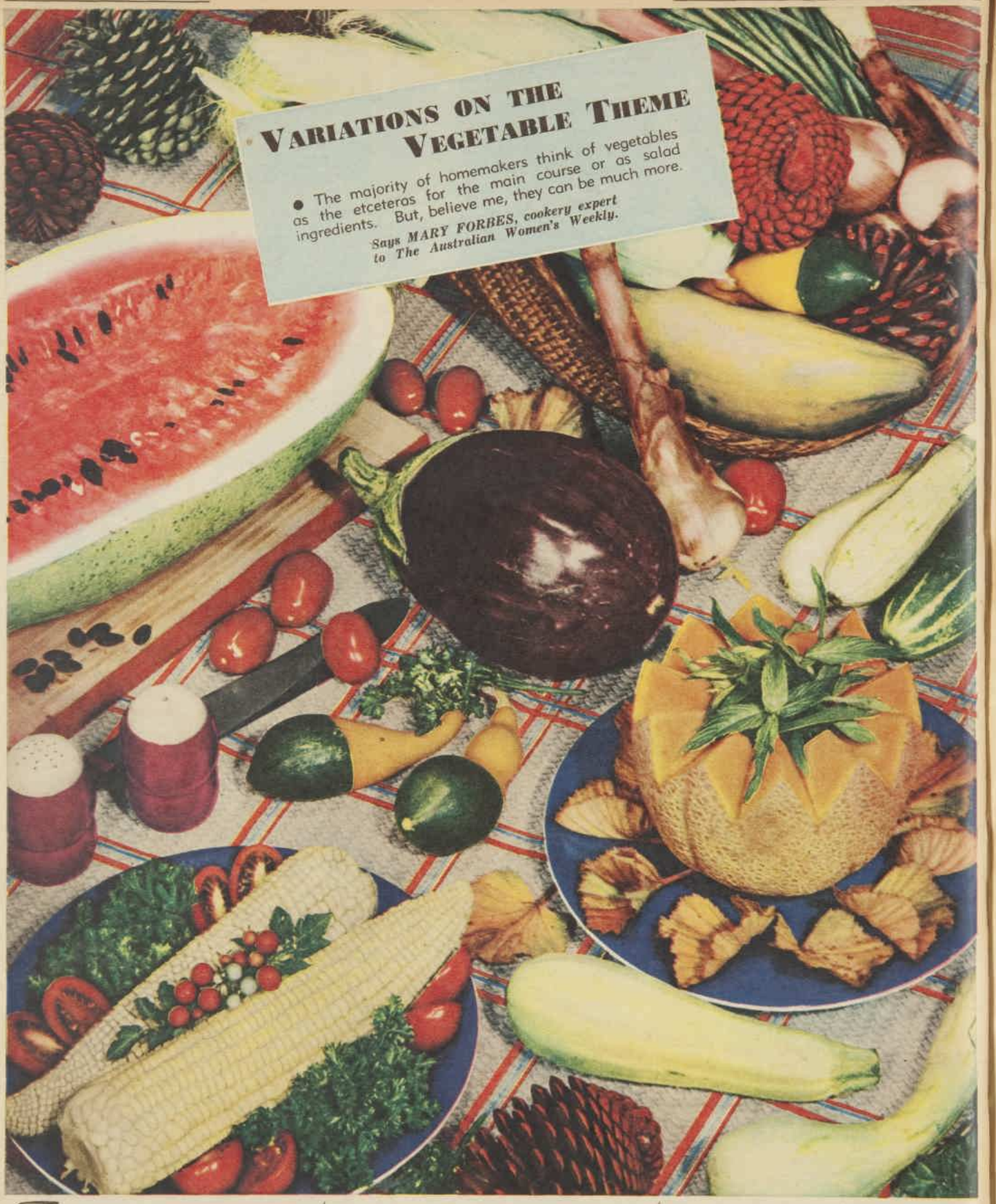

VARIATIONS ON THE VEGETABLE THEME

● The majority of homemakers think of vegetables as the etceteras for the main course or as salad ingredients. But, believe me, they can be much more.

Says MARY FORBES, cookery expert to The Australian Women's Weekly.

HERE ARE A FEW of the good things that come from the earth. What a colorful picture they make!

FIRST of all we'll take the cucumber. For serving as a delicately flavored and cool salad vegetable, serrate it with a fork and serve it unpeeled and very thinly sliced; it is more digestible if served freshly sliced and not toughened by long soaking in vinegar or salad-dressing.

Cooked cucumber adds an interesting variety to our dinner plates. Cook whole or thickly sliced in the waterless way; that is, in a small quantity of water in a tightly-lidded pan. Serve with a savory sauce.

Cucumber au gratin is cooked the same way, then covered with a white cheese sauce and buttered crumbs, browned in the oven or under the griller.

Minced Meat and Cucumber Layer Pie is an adventure in economy. Pounded mincemeat, flavored with parsley and seasonings, is placed in an ovenproof dish in layers, with thickly-sliced cucumber; cover with a good brown or white sauce, sprinkle with crumbs and bake in a moderate oven for 30 minutes.

Baked Cucumber Boats are cucumbers sliced lengthwise, and parboiled. Then remove seeds and pile cavity with savory bread seasoning or fish or mincemeat and bake. Serve piping hot with a brown sauce.

Onion delicacies

ONIONS are a much-sought-after luxury in England. An onionless kitchen does seem a savorless place, but moderation with onions as with many other good things is a virtue.

A hint of finely-minced onion in the French dressing for a green salad, a soupcon of onion with the potato salad, 3 or 4 white onion rings as a flavor garnish for a combination vegetable salad, a salad bowl rubbed round with a cut onion—these are sufficient for the connoisseur's salad.

The onion as a vegetable can appear, however, whole and unashamed.

Glazed Onions are a delicacy. Choose smallish white onions, peel and place in a casserole in about half-inch of water. Sprinkle liberally with brown sugar, dot with butter and season with pepper and salt. Cover and cook with an oven dinner for 45 minutes or longer, according to the heat of the oven.

Savory American Gumbo dish is made from onions, tomatoes and corn. To 3 onions allow 3 tomatoes, 1 cup cooked corn, and 3 dessertspoons bacon fat or butter. Saute the sliced onions in the fat for 3 minutes. Add the skinned and sliced tomatoes and cook for 10 minutes, stirring well. Add the corn and cook a further 5 minutes. Serve with toasted bread fingers and bacon curls, and top with chopped parsley.

See other recipes on opposite page

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NOW TRY THE LOT — *enjoy them!*

● Here are the prize-winners in this week's best recipe competition.

EVER tried watermelon jam? It wins first prize this week. You eat the luscious content of melon (yells of joy from the kiddies!) and make up the rest.

Every week we give £1 for the best recipe and 2/6 for all others published. Only condition we make is that your recipe must be a tried and true one.

COTTAGE PIE looks more tempting cooked in a fireproof dish and decorated before taking to table.

MINCE AND MACARONI is a cheap, nourishing dish. No potatoes needed. Serve as shown.

BANANA JELLY FLAN, shown above, is jolly nice for a change. Slice three bananas, dip in lemon juice, and arrange in cooked pastry shell. Dissolve half-packet jelly crystals. When setting, pour over bananas. Chill.

WATERMELON JAM

Remove the pink part of a ripe watermelon and use only the white. Peel very thinly, cut into small cubes, weigh, then soak for a few hours in salted water. Drain off water and wash the melon in fresh water. Put in preserving pan and bring slowly to the boil with two oranges and two lemons, finely shredded. Boil gently, until tender, then add 1lb. heated sugar for each 1lb. fruit. Boil briskly until syrup thickens when tested on a saucer. Bottle while hot and seal down when cold.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. Betty Maguire, No. 2 Flat, 16 Darley St., Marrickville, N.S.W.

SAVORY JELLIED TONGUES

Half a dozen sheep's tongues (fresh, not salted), 2 or 3 hard-boiled eggs.

Boil tongues for 5 hours or until skin peels off easily, cut thick slices of egg and place them at bottom of large basin and up the sides. Now put 1¼ breakfast cups of boiling water into a basin and add 1¼ tablespoons powdered gelatine, 1 teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce, a little sugar, salt, ½ teaspoon well-flavored vinegar to taste. Stir well, then pour gently over tongues. Let set in ice-chest. Serve with salad.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. M. Johnson, Box 6, Kingaroy, Qld.

APPLE TEA CAKE

One tablespoon butter, ¼ cup sugar, 1½ cups self-raising flour, 1 egg, ½ cup milk.

Mix butter and sugar, add beaten egg, milk, and flour alternately. Put mixture in sandwich tin, slice raw apple on top, sprinkle with sugar and spice, and bake for 40 minutes in moderate oven.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. L. C. Lock, 24 Victoria Ave., Penshurst, N.S.W.

CHOCOLATE WALNUT WAFERS

Quarter cup shortening, ¼ cup icing sugar, 2oz. chocolate, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ cup milk, 1 cup sifted flour, 1-8th teaspoon salt, ½ cup walnuts.

Cream together shortening, salt, and sugar. Add grated chocolate and cinnamon and blend thoroughly. Add flour alternately with milk. Spread batter on a well-greased pan, sprinkle with chopped nuts and press nuts into the batter. Bake in moderate oven for 15 minutes. When done, cut in 2-inch squares and sprinkle with powdered sugar.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Miss Edith Kelling, Trinity Farm, Boonara, Goomeri, Qld.

MORE VEGETABLE RECIPES

Continued from page 34

EGG-PLANT DELICACIES

So lovely to look at are these purplish vegetables that we pile them in a rich, red pottery bowl between our shopping and cooking time. The egg-plant can be served as a dinner vegetable. To preserve its distinctive flavor it is best cooked in only a very small quantity of water in a tightly-lidded pan; pare and alice or dice first. Serve with sauce or lightly-sauteed in butter.

As a luncheon entree it can be varied in a dozen ways. We recommend it parboiled after peeling, sliced, dipped in butter and deep-fried, served as egg-plant fritters. Or serve tomato and egg-plant scallop:

Sliced parboiled egg-plant, cooked in layers with sliced tomatoes; top with cheese and bake in a moderate oven for about 20 minutes.

Egg-plant, diced and boiled, and served in a white cheese sauce and with crisp bacon curls is good for any meal of the day. Or it may be parboiled, scooped, and stuffed with minced meat, flaked fish, or a cheese-crumb seasoning and baked.

WAYS WITH CORN

Corn on the cob is certainly increasing in popularity as a dinner vegetable or supper delicacy. Fingers are the usual utensil, but if you are ultra-civilised, little corn forks or skewers are used to pierce each end.

Remove the husk and silky fibre from the cob and cook in gently boiling unsalted water until the corn is tender, about 20 minutes. Drain, brush with butter, season lightly, and serve piping hot.

The corn, stripped from the cob after cooking, can be served in delicious little entrees. Half a cup of cooked corn blended with three eggs for an omelette makes a memorable dish. Cooked corn with scrambled eggs on toast or corn plus a cheese sauce and topped with crisp bacon is an excellent luncheon or supper dish. Spoonfuls of corn, dipped in a fritter batter and deep fried are called mock oysters.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

NO kitchen salt-shaker? Well! It's so easy, too. Just take any small jam jar with lid complete, punch a few holes in the lid, and you have a useful, easy-to-find shaker.

☆ ☆ ☆

LAYING new lino? I'm told you should never wash it. As soon as it's down, polish well. This hardens the lacquer over the design, which washing gradually removes. Then all the future holds for you is polish—or, rather, plenty of rags, elbow-grease, and polish.

☆ ☆ ☆

MY friend is brainy. Her daughter (fastidious girl) complained that her blankets were discolored and frazzling at the edges. She blushed and set to work. She dyed them a pretty blue, and bound edges with matching satin. "How divine, mother!" said daughter.

YOU'VE MOVED, and you phone me to say that your curtains aren't long enough for the new windows. Now . . . surely you have two sets of curtains, one of flowered and one of plain material. Well, just cut up the plain ones and let a band or two or three into the floral ones, add a frill of the plain at the top, and there you are!

A CHILD TO BE PROUD OF!

Keen on games . . . clever at school . . . full of life. Always happy . . . thanks to Eno's "Fruit Salt." Eno allows no poisons to get into her system and make her slack and miserable. Give Eno to your children. It contains no harsh purgative mineral salts . . . nothing to do the slightest harm. And how the children love a bubbling, sparkling glass of Eno!

2/4½ and 3/11 at chemists, stores and canteens.

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'

The words Eno and "Fruit Salt" are registered trade marks.

Kellogg's Corn Flakes are not only more delicious than anything else, but they are also richest in energy value. Give your whole family crisp, crunchy delicious Kellogg's Corn Flakes every morning.

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On duty...

trim and efficient...

off duty...

alluring and glamorous with

Pond's "Lips" and Pond's Powder

The harder you work, and the harder you play, the more you need Pond's Lips. Pond's Lips stay on longer — noticeably longer. Eating, swimming, smoking, kissing — it's all the same to Pond's Lips — *They stay on longer.* And men just can't resist the allure of Pond's Lips. Those glamorous shades do something to even the strongest-minded males.

Pond's Powder was made *specially to your orders!* You asked for a powder with the softest, finest texture of all . . . so we made it for you — Pond's Powder. And not only that, but Pond's Powder clings for hours and hours, and it is glare-proof — under the hottest sun or the strongest electric lights. Six smart shades of both Pond's Powder and Pond's Lipstick to choose from, at all chemists and stores.

Make this Test—Apply Pond's Lipstick to your palm. Apply beside it any other lipsticks. Leave on four minutes. Wipe off excess with tissue, then see for yourself which leaves a deeper, more permanent colouring.

Made by the makers of Pond's Famous Creams

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